

THE
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ANATOMY OF VIOLENCE

John Paul Scott

TEACH-INS

New Force For the Times

Arnold S. Kaufman

LATIN AMERICA

Alliance For Reaction

Edmundo Flores

The Neurosis of Colonialism

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

LETTERS

Naming the outrage

New York City

Dear Sirs: Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s attack on Lewis Mumford, as reported in the press, is an incredible performance for someone who professes to be a historian. His comparison of the enthusiastic applause of the audience at the annual ceremonial of the Institute of Arts and Sciences to a Nazi rally under Hitler does not augur well for his history of the Kennedy era.

Mr. Schlesinger was on the stage and could gauge the applause and cheers with which the audience received Mumford's speech. . . . They had not come for political purposes but for the celebration of the arts. Their response to Mumford, as I saw it in the audience, was that of gratitude that someone had the courage to speak out strongly, as he urged them to do on every possible occasion. Far from "inchoate," as Mr. Schlesinger apparently described Mumford's lucid speech, he spoke in protest so strong and clear that everyone in the audience could feel that at last someone has called the Administration's foreign policy just what it is—a "moral outrage."

Clark Foreman

The jumped conclusion

New York City

Dear Sirs: Writing in *The Nation* of May 10 on "The Student Left," Mr. Jack Newfield stated, *inter alia*, that "Polonius-styled essays have followed from Daniel Bell" and others heaping "scorn and skepticism against the New Left." Since I did not recall writing any essay on the student movement or the New Left, I was puzzled by Mr. Newfield's remark, and wrote him asking for the relevant citation. Mr. Newfield did not reply to my letter. Fearing perhaps it might have gone astray, I wrote again asking what essay he had in mind. Again I did not receive a reply. To Mr. Newfield's inaccuracy as a reporter must now be added his discourtesy as a human being. I trust you will print this letter.

Daniel Bell

New York City

Dear Sirs: As Mr. Bell could have learned by phoning *The Village Voice*, I have been for two weeks on an assignment in the South. I did not reply to his letters because I did not receive them.

It was Mr. Bell's *The End of Ideology* that earned him a place with Nathan Glazer and Sidney Hook in my article. If he has changed his opinion on some of the issues dealt

with in that book, I shall be the first to welcome him into the amorphous domain of the New Left, which includes everyone from A. J. Muste to the rawest SNCC recruit.

Jack Newfield

Half a billion less

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Perhaps the Russians do know quite well what we are doing in Vietnam, contrary to what Alexander Werth says [*The Nation*, June 7] and are more than happy at the prospect of our removing a few hundred million Chinese for them. After all, it's they who have a billion Chinese for next-door neighbors, not we. Surely they wouldn't really mind seeing that number halved!

Richard M. Titus

Correction

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sirs: Due to errors in printing, the meaning of a sentence in my article on poverty in your June 7 issue is seriously affected. The sentence as printed reads:

For the very issue I raise is that these other policies do not focus upon a war against poverty — though in one sense that should be their primary focus—because the whole American economic problem is ultimately that the standard of living of about two-fifths of our people (the poor and the orphaned) is intolerably low when measured against our capabilities.

To restore the above sentence to its intended meaning, the second dash should be removed and the word "orphaned" should be "deprived."

Leon H. Keyserling

Purdue and the landlords

West Lafayette, Ind.

Dear Sirs: While Northerners sit back in the self-righteous afterglow of the great Selma "victory," less obvious discriminatory practices persist in the North. In the last month, the administration of Purdue University has been confronted with the hypocrisy of its policies regarding . . . off-campus housing. Specifically, for many years the university has maintained a listing of off-campus apartments for the use of interested students. The need for such housing is beyond question since the university itself could not possibly provide enough dwelling units.

With the passage of the Indiana Civil Rights Act and recent evidences of flagrant discrimination by landlords using the listing service, the Purdue Friends of SNCC petitioned the administration to attach a fair-

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housing pledge to the listings. The university's response was to "solve" the off-campus housing discrimination problem by simply discontinuing the listing service. . . .

Theodore Fishman

Where's Congress?

The overriding of the Congressional power to declare war is not the fault of Mr. Johnson or any other President. In effect, technology has repealed a provision of the Constitution which belongs to an age of slow communications and primitive weaponry. But this is far from saying that the Congress has been relieved of all responsibility for the consequences of Presidential action in committing the United States to hostilities against other states. On the contrary, since the powers of the President have been so vastly augmented by technological circumstance, it is the more incumbent on the Congress to discuss, debate and continuously review subsequent developments, in order that the people, and the members of Congress themselves, may have a voice in matters so vitally affecting the future of the nation, and indeed of the whole world.

This the present Congress has conspicuously failed to do. In effect, it has by inaction and abdication nullified the Constitution. There have been exceptions—Morse and Gruening in the Senate, and a few other Senators and Representatives in more muted tones—but the great majority have supinely gone along with every action of a big-stick President. It has been easy, because Mr. Johnson, while making war on an ever larger scale, constantly protests his devotion to peace and calls on the Communists to join him at the conference table—on terms which he must know they cannot and will not accept. Thus the war in Asia rises to increasing heights of mutual peril.

The silent majorities in the two houses are not so obtuse as to fail to see the danger. What they lack is not vision, but courage. If President Kennedy were alive and wished to add a supplement to his *Profiles*, he would find precious little material among his erstwhile colleagues. But if they are silent on the floor, they do reveal their thoughts—usually not for publication—to trusted reporters. A good deal more should be expected of men elected to office and sworn to support the Constitution.

In a commencement address a few weeks ago, Senate Democratic leader Mike Mansfield departed from the path of acquiescence. He referred to the constant complaints of President Johnson and Secretary Rusk about “misreporting” from Vietnam and the Dominican Republic, and about “misjudgments” and “misrepresentations” of the Administration’s policies by columnists, editorial writers and professors. Mr. Mansfield cautioned against a “forced convergence” with official views “in the name of national unity.” Reporting on these misgivings, E. W. Kenworthy commented in *The New York Times* (June 6) that a number of Senators, particularly, must have felt a twinge of conscience, because they have yielded to precisely the forced convergence Senator Mansfield

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: issues will be dated July 5, July 19, Aug. 2, Aug. 16, and Aug. 30.

warned against. A prey to the gravest doubts and fears, they have kept their lips sealed.

The longer they wait to speak out, the more difficult it will be to stem the drive toward all-out war in Asia, with hundreds of thousands, then millions, of American troops committed to combat. When Mr. Johnson summons legislators to the White House, it is to lecture them, not to seek counsel. One witness to such a briefing told Richard Starnes that the President, “with the subtlety of a sledgehammer,” told his Senatorial audience that he was following *their* policy in Vietnam—the policy the Congress had laid down on August 7, 1964, by a vote of 504 to 2. This was followed in May, 1965, by the \$700 million blank-check appropriation to finance the expanding war. This time the division was 596 to 10.

It is not only a particular article of the Constitution that is being eroded, but the whole substance of representative government. Twenty-eight Democratic Representatives have now petitioned for public hearings in the House on the Administration’s Vietnam policy. The chief organizer, Rep. Benjamin S. Rosenthal of Queens, said, “We think there should be a major policy debate, and that it should be in Congress rather than in a hotel ballroom”—a reference to the teach-in on Vietnam. It is time the members of Congress realized that they do not serve their constituents or their country—not even themselves—in the role of stooges to a headstrong President.

Do It Yourself

For 17,500 people in Madison Square Garden the do-it-yourself spirit had spread to politics. The kids, the consciences of our culture, and their middle-class, middle-aged compeers filled the Garden on a hot muggy evening early in June to voice their concern over the Vietnam war. They applauded vigorously when a speaker early in the evening declared: “We will *not* be quiet.” They cheered when Sen. Wayne Morse insisted that foreign policy belongs to the American people, not to the President: “Give them the facts.”

These people believe with Mrs. Martin Luther King that it is they who have allowed President Johnson to be callous—and they will allow this no longer. They agree with Clark Kissinger of Students for a Democratic Society that “our problem is in America, not in Vietnam. Through political action we must achieve the radical reconstruction of American for-

cign policy." From the youths passing out literature by the pound in the street to their respectable elders who crowded the Garden's balconies, they seem determined to move away from tired, sterile, hysterical anti-communism and toward international economic development and rule by law. For them, problems are soluble.

The President's Perplexity

By all accounts, Mr. Johnson continues to be perplexed and aggrieved by his critics, some of whom, he feels, are applying a "dual standard." At one press conference he said: "I would appeal to all of the folks who detest war also to be concerned when American compounds are entered and bombs are dropped on American soldiers and they lose their lives by dozens." To the same effect, a letter writer in *Time* (June 11) refers to protests against "our use of harmless gas on the Vietcong" and asks the critics: "What is their opinion of the atrocities and abominations committed by the Vietcong — or are they unavailable for any comment?"

One may note, in passing, that atrocities and abominations are not limited to the Vietcong. Americans are perfectly capable of both. Perhaps we do not torture directly in Vietnam, but our allies and wards in the South Vietnamese government armies do; whether they or the Vietcong are worse is anybody's guess. It is the same sort of war that was waged in Algeria: the Algerians resorted to terror, the French to torture, and the atrocities ended only when the war ended. (See the review by Conor Cruise O'Brien, p. 674.)

The Nation is as concerned as the President about the loss of American lives in Vietnam—and by the fact that the toll will inevitably rise as Mr. Johnson leads us into a full-scale war in Asia. That is the precise point of our protest and that of other critics. We do not want any more American lives to be lost; we want these men out of there. We agree with Prof. Hans Morgenthau that a Vietnam united under Ho Chi Minh might well become an Asian Yugoslavia, independent of both China and the Soviet Union; but if worst comes to worst we are not willing to sacrifice American lives to keep South Vietnam under American instead of Chinese domination.

What perplexes us is the President's apparent inability to understand that there is a special quality about the war a people wages when they defend their land and their people. We are outsiders in Vietnam. Even those Vietnamese ostensibly on "our" side keep saying so. It cannot be denied that we took over from the French in Vietnam, after we had spent very large sums financing their losing operations. The Vietnamese see us in that light. Is there anything perplexing about that?

This talk about dual standards needs to be examined from another viewpoint. Any colonial people fighting to win its independence is at a disadvantage in terms of power, weaponry, money—everything except the resolve to be free or die. They fight savagely

because the odds are against them. One does not need to condone terrorism, but one cannot be blind to the fact that one of the few weapons in their hands is terror and brutality. Perhaps if the Vietcong had aircraft they would return bomb for bomb, napalm for napalm and fight a clean war on the ground.

But it is their villages which are being burned and their men, women and children who are being slaughtered—not the people in our cities. As the Vietcong withdrew from their strike at Quang Ngai recently, we sent jet bombers in pursuit. The briefing officers said that 500 had been killed. But on June 6, *The New York Times* reported that three out of four patients seeking treatment at a Vietnamese hospital afterward were village women. There must have been many children too. Let the President forget the Vietcong for a moment. How many South Vietnamese civilians have we killed? Or do these victims, on whom we inflict agonizing death at long range, not weigh at all in the scale of Mr. Johnson's moral code?

The Occasion for Protest

Writing from Paris, C. L. Sulzberger of *The New York Times* reports a feeling among the French that "no nation in history has ever had such power for destruction and that this has brought about a desire in the United States to act as the world's gendarme. But it is held that this is patently impossible, that the U.S.A. can destroy the world but cannot conquer it."

For the soundest of reasons, this trend has aroused increasing uneasiness among American intellectuals, and they are speaking their minds about it more and more openly. On May 19, Lewis Mumford, president of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, denounced U.S. political and military policy in Vietnam as a "moral outrage," and in turn outraged Thomas Hart Benton, who resigned from the Academy in protest. Before a meeting of book publishers, Archibald MacLeish suggested that we are becoming indifferent to the opinions of mankind. Perhaps the sharpest attack on the Administration was made by the poet Robert Lowell, who rejected an invitation to appear at a White House art festival because of his "dismay and distrust" over American foreign policy. His stand was promptly endorsed by twenty other prominent writers and artists (see letters page).

At such junctures, invariably words of caution travel along the egghead grapevine: "I agree with what he said but it was not the proper occasion on which to say it." Thus Prof. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., gently ridiculed Mr. Lowell's pronouncement and, not so gently, characterized the approving reaction of Mumford's audience as smacking of the "wild unleashed emotionalism" of Nuremberg rallies in Hitler's time — this from members of an organization usually regarded as staid to the point of paralysis. In fact, as the Establishment and its fellow travelers view it, speaking out is in itself offensive, since it violates the cardinal rule of standardized patriotism: my

country right or wrong, and especially right when it is fighting.

Yet, to some Americans, the most heartwarming thing about their country is that a minority of dissidents perform their duty as they see it. From this point of view *any* occasion will do, and one is as fitting as another. If the intellectual is sharply critical of foreign policy in time of stress, it will always be said that the occasion was not right, his rhetoric was objectionable, or he was not properly respectful of the men who bear the heavy burden of decision. Whereas, had he spoken in good taste, sotto voce to the President, he would have got a polite acknowledgment which he could show to his friends.

As *The Nation* sees it after a century of this sort of thing, Mumford, MacLeish and Lowell are to be commended for saying what they did, when they did, where they did, and in the manner they did. And *The Nation* hopes that they will keep right on saying it.

The Challenge Is Real

For whatever reason, the New York *Herald Tribune's* widely read syndicated columnists, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, have elected to comment on the Mississippi Challenge in such a way as to discredit the entire project. This is the challenge that has been filed to the seating of five Mississippi Congressmen, four Democrats and one Republican, on the ground that their election was based on a systematic denial of the franchise to Negro voters [see: "Mississippi Challenge" by George Slaff, *The Nation*, May 17]. Messrs. Evans and Novak refer to the Challenge as "quixotic," without precedent, part of SNCC's strategy of "seeking the unattainable by means calculated to insure defeat," the better to spread cynicism about the democratic process. They estimate the odds against the Challenge at 100 to 1.

In point of fact, there is ample precedent. The Challenge is filed under a statute that has been in

existence for more than a century. Congress has sustained some challenges and rejected others; usually the decision has been more political than judicial in character. But the last Negro to represent a Mississippi Congressional district won his seat as a result of a successful challenge under this same statute.

On June 7, after a lengthy argument, the clerk ordered the testimony taken by the challengers to be printed in its entirety; it will run to some 4,000 printed pages. Counsel now have until July 15 to file their briefs. It is expected that the Subcommittee on Elections, which is chaired by Rep. Robert Ashmore (D., S.C.), will turn in an unfavorable report; the subcommittee is made up of five Southern Representatives and three Republicans. Fortunately, the Challenge does not have to go to the Rules Committee; it will be reported directly to the floor. The odds may be against favorable action, but they are not 100 to 1. The vote could be quite close and there is a chance that the Challenge might be sustained.

As to being "quixotic," the Challenge has already advanced the cause of Negro voting in Mississippi. On the day after the clerk had decided to include all the testimony in the printed transcript—a significant victory for the Challengers—Governor Paul B. Johnson, Jr., issued a call for a special session of the Mississippi legislature "to take reasonable steps" in rewriting the state's election laws so as to bring them into some degree of conformity with the proposed federal voting law. Obviously the state is concerned and is seeking to improve its "image" on the eve of a House vote. The federal voting law will be a great step forward, but alone it will not transform the voting situation in Mississippi. However, the unseating of the five Representatives would have a profound and immediate impact. Readers who would like a simple summertime political project might undertake to communicate with their Representatives about the Challenge; a vote in the House is expected sometime in August.

LATIN AMERICA

Alliance for Reaction Edmundo Flores

The Alliance for Progress, born a little more than four years ago, has undergone an ugly transformation and has entered a "hard" stage peopled by characters out of the Pentagon, the CIA and the Marine Corps.

Edmundo Flores is a professor of agricultural economics at the National University of Mexico, and at present a visiting professor of the social sciences at the University of Chicago. Dr. Flores has frequently advised the UN and the FAO on matters of land reform and economic development.

The passwords now are military aid, counter-insurgency, civic action and armed intervention. The Brazilian coup and the occupation of Santo Domingo are the two better known—but by no means the only—incidents of this hard stage.

What is the rationale behind the return to direct intervention and U.S. military power? What are the differences, if any, between President Johnson's "Invade Thy Neighbor Policy" and Theodore Roosevelt's "Gunboat Diplomacy"? How

will Latin America react this time?

In 1960, Cuba demonstrated only too clearly that the pressures for social and economic reform in Latin America were formidable. The defensive response of many frightened American nations was the Alliance for Progress. In ten years, with the magic of 10 billion U.S. dollars, the Alliance would streamline rigid social structures, revitalize economies and pave the way for political stability. The miracle of the Marshall Plan would be re-



Aye, Yi, Yi, Yi!

Macpherson, Toronto Star

peated in Latin America and Communist expansion would be contained once more. There need be no more Cubas in the Western hemisphere.

As originally envisaged at Punta del Este, the Alliance was to achieve the rapid economic and social transformation of Latin America essentially by parliamentary, peaceful and gradual reforms. The key to the whole program was to create and maintain favorable incentives for foreign and domestic private investment. The monetary and fiscal systems of Latin America were to be improved along the lines of traditional banking orthodoxy. Efficient and equitable systems of land tenure were to be implanted through reforms which would encourage family farms. Effective systems of labor relations were to be institutionalized. Low-cost housing, educational programs and improvements of public health and sanitation were the main goals on the social-reform front. A general target was the annual increase of per capita income by 2.5 per cent.

For the North American official mind the long-term, ideal socio-political model for all the lesser members of the Alliance was, of course, the United States—or, more accurately, the simplified, Sunday-supplement stereotype which plain Americans and the State Department take to be the essence of the United States: free elections, free enterprise, free trade, free press, consumer sovereignty, balanced

budgets and the pursuit of happiness. However, no one suggested the outright adoption of this ambitious model. Instead, a more modest showcase was sought.

The first showcase was Puerto Rico. But though President Kennedy and his advisers seemed pleased with it, the Latin Americans were unambiguously upset by the colonial connotations which they, and many Puerto Ricans as well, associate with that island. North Americans finally caught on to the notion—though they did not understand it—that the prospect of having more Puerto Ricos in the hemisphere is as obnoxious to Latin Americans, of whatever ideology, class or income level, as the prospect of more Cubas is to the State Department. After Puerto Rico, therefore, Colombia became the showcase, but not for long either—not with the anarchy and violence of the last fifteen years. After its military coup, Brazil captured the model country award, though by the time this had happened the search had been abandoned and the initial hopes of the Alliance had been replaced by a more “realistic” policy. By then, Teodoro Moscoso, the Puerto Rican bureaucrat who with some embarrassment had coordinated the initial stages of the Alliance, had been fired. Thomas C. Mann then had shouldered the burden of redirecting the Alliance toward the overt freezing of the *status quo*, even if this meant keeping

more and more of the hemisphere under military control.

The Latin American oligarchies like the *status quo*. They are content with their lot and do not want change or development. They fear reform, revolution and Castro. Although in unguarded moments they perhaps envy the stability and progress of Mexico, they despise its non-aristocratic, *nouveau riche*, anti-clerical ruling classes. Not surprisingly, therefore, during the formative stages of the Alliance, the conservative Latin American governments disagreed with its goals and rhetoric. Loud opposition was voiced by governments, political parties and private-interest groups. However, as soon as the Latin Americans cut through the unfamiliar pieties and torrid slogans that the North Americans were using so freely, and grasped the essentially conservative character of the enterprise called the Alliance, they gave their support. The Latins had been scared by the “revolution of rising expectations” because this vague cliché does not translate well into Spanish and carries connotations of *revolución* in its straightforward sense, not in its recent Madison Avenue usage. But once they realized that the North Americans were in no mood for change either, they promulgated with loud fanfare the legislation to start phony fiscal and land reforms—and to get dollar credits.

President Kennedy got from Congress funds to start operations and assembled a cumbersome international bureaucracy around the Organization of American States. The Inter-American Development Bank, capitalized at \$850 million when it was founded in 1959, was put in charge of virtually all the finances of the Alliance and brought onto its staff a few good economists from Latin America. The Committee of Nine, dubbed the “Nine Wise Men,” developed into a sort of Cecil B. De Mille spectacular in which nine local talents were charged with advisory attributions and billed as Latin America’s Brain Trust. Recently, when it became obvious that the Alliance was on the verge of collapse, the Inter-American Committee ICAP, headed by the Colombian Carlos Sanz de Santa Maria, was improvised as an emergency booster to keep it alive until military reinforcements arrived.

The NATION

The Alliance was not designed to put into effect real, fundamental, irreversible reforms. Its purpose was precisely the opposite: to devise technological and administrative improvements as a means of avoiding drastic shake-ups. Insofar as the "reforms" of the Alliance fulfilled these conditions, great efforts have been made to carry them out. Thus, President Belaúnde of Peru, an architect by profession, pushed for the construction of his pet project: a highway in the Amazon (instead of land reform); the Colombian Government began to build dams (instead of land reform); land-reclamation projects were launched in several countries (instead of land reform); and the construction of low-rent public housing mushroomed.

The Inter-American Development Bank and other agencies provided credits and conventional technical assistance. The United States, the Economic Commission for Latin America, FAO, the foundations and many universities also engaged in research and technical assistance. Foreign experts could be seen everywhere. Some were concerned with fiscal policies, others with industrial and urban schemes. There were specialists on farming, seeds, birth control, 4-H Clubs and all the measures which, under different guises, are commonplace in the advanced countries. However, these techniques seemed singularly incapable of developing their own momentum in most of Latin America. Some built-in mechanism that operates wherever there is widespread poverty, hunger, unemployment, illiteracy, religious fanaticism and rigid social stratification seemed to reject innovation as rigorously as the human body rejects kidney transplants.

The foreign technicians and Peace Corps adolescents who were not corrupted and absorbed by the local elite or who were not immediately discouraged by the futility of their efforts gradually became aware of the enormous difficulties they were facing and realized the tragic inadequacy of their ethnocentric, feeble tools and incantations. Thus they came to understand something that many Latin American nationalists who are really interested in the development of their respective countries had known since the inception of the

Alliance: that La Alianza para el Progreso was another case of too little, too late and too damned superficial.

In the meantime, the economies continued to deteriorate. Inflation rose at staggering rates, food shortages and food imports increased, capital flight persisted, the exodus of peasants to the cities mounted, and the military share of the budgets kept growing. In Peru, Ecuador, Venezuela and Colombia landless peasants occupied haciendas and challenged the army. Sometimes they were killed but at other times were left alone. In the mines of Peru, Bolivia and Brazil miners went on strike and fought the army and the police. The plantations of tropical and equatorial Latin America were rocked by labor disputes. The men and women on the streets of Buenos Aires, Santiago and Rio looked shabbier every season. Prostitutes proliferated. University students — the only opposition not in jail or exile in the countries run by the military — went on strike, rioted and battled the police and the army practically everywhere.

After the Bay of Pigs, U.S. military activities in Latin America were greatly intensified. The Defense Department expressed strong support for the "Military Civic Action" concept defined as "the use of preponderantly indigenous military forces on projects useful to the

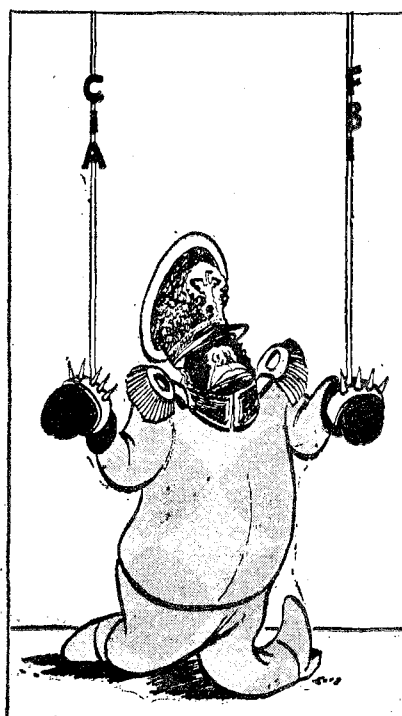
local population at all levels in such fields as education, training, public works, agriculture. . . ." Civic action is "a weapon against Communist-inspired subversion . . . a technique of guerrilla warfare and counter-insurgency."¹ The proposed total Latin American military assistance program for 1964 amounted to \$77,262,000.

In June, 1963, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara asserted:

*Until about 1960, military assistance programs for Latin America were oriented toward hemispheric defense. As it became clear that there was no threat of significant overt external aggression against Latin America, emphasis shifted to internal security capabilities for use against Communist-inspired subversion or overt aggression and to civic-action projects designed to promote stability and strengthen national economies.*²

When Thomas C. Mann became the head of the Alliance in 1964, he added to it this military dimension. All kinds of gimmicks were tried to improve the image of Latin American soldiers in the United States. College professors got grants to study their positive role in social innovation. The idiotic notion that the military is the only group on which the United States can rely because it is familiar with discipline and technology and is sincerely anti-Communist is being pushed in the mass media. *Time* recently called General Barrientos, the American Air Force-trained Bolivian usurper, "the Steve Canyon of the Andes."

Many Latin American officers are training in the United States. It is piously expected that through professional contacts with U.S. soldiers they will absorb apolitical attitudes and that as they become "more professional in outlook, they will by conviction and necessity eschew politics."³ The obverse proposition—that increased contact may



Vadillo; La Prensa, Mexico

¹U.S. Department of Defense, *Armed Forces Information and Education: for Commanders*, "Civic Action: the Military Role in Nation Building," Vol. III, No. 14 (January 15, 1964). U.S. Department of Defense.

²"Military Aid to Latin America in the U.S. Congress" by Michael J. Francis; *Journal of Inter-American Studies*, July, 1964.

³"The Military" by Lyle N. McAlister in *Continuity and Change in Latin America*, edited by J. J. Johnson (Stanford University Press).

further politicize the U.S. military—should at least be considered.

Thus, the inadequacies of the Alliance, the anticipation of a spreading revolutionary wave, and the recognized incapacity of the local elites to defend even their own interests, resulted in hurried attempts by the United States to increase the political influence of the military in their respective countries. More ominously, it also brought the “no-nonsense” unilateral decision to intervene directly in order to avoid the threat of communism in any Latin American country. This attitude sooner or later would blast the Inter-American system, but North Americans knew from experience that the OAS could be intimidated and bought when the need arose.

After the army, of course, the carpetbaggers would follow. The external expenditures for military aid and counter-insurgency would be neatly brought home again by private U.S. enterprise. “Freedom”—and United States corporations abroad—would be protected. The differences between this policy and “Gunboat Diplomacy” or “Dollar Diplomacy” are matters of style. After Santo Domingo, there is not much difference in the Latin Amer-

ican mind between Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson or Johnson. At the receiving end, intervention is intervention is intervention.

The Brazilian coup was the biggest triumph for the “hard” policy. General Castello Branco received instant recognition, extravagant praise and quick Alliance aid. Brazilian humor is famous. The U.S. Ambassador has been proposed as a candidate in the future Brazilian elections under the slogan: AVOID INTERMEDIARIES: LINCOLN GORDON FOR PRESIDENT.

If Castello Branco could cure the ills of Brazil with “unconditional” financial and technical aid from the U.S., then, perhaps, the “hard Alliance” would find a way out. But his chances of success are negligible. It is more likely that as the pressures in favor of genuine radical reforms rise—and they will inexorably—local military repression and U.S. armed intervention will grow in scope and brutality. In addition to Brazil, many countries are under the tutelage of the Alliance-Pentagon-CIA axis. Primarily, they are the fourteen countries that were corralled into the sad farce of giving retroactive legality in the OAS to the invasion of the Dominican Republic.

To believe that the pressures for reform in Latin America are created by Communist activities is childish. The turbulence that pervades the politics of most of the Latin American countries stems from the prevalence of ancient and rigid social conditions and institutions inimical to economic development and social change. As long as a handful of men own almost all the land, and a few foreign corporations control the mineral wealth, the public utilities and plantations, Latin America will be torn by violence and instability. The Communists are not responsible for these conditions; they only exploit them to their own advantage. Mr. Mann should have learned this basic lesson while he was Ambassador to Mexico.

Ironically, Juan Bosch is one of the few Latin Americans who understand and value the great democratic tradition which de Tocqueville admired; the tradition of which FDR and his New Deal form part. The way Juan Bosch has been treated and the clumsy invasion of the Dominican Republic have created more hatred toward the United States in Latin American than the combined anti-colonial propaganda of China and Russia.

The Anatomy of Violence John Paul Scott

A boy murders an old woman because she will not give him 50c, or a stranger is set upon and beaten by a crowd of unemployed youths. Crimes are committed in public in the presence of onlookers who refuse to become involved even to the extent of calling for help. These occurrences are alarming because we cannot easily understand them as the acts of human beings. Is some mysterious animal or primitive drive toward violence beginning to spread through human populations?

While crime is an old phenomenon, its scientific study is rela-

tively new, and the study of the basic causes of violent behavior is newer still. One set of answers is being given by the study of fighting and aggression in lower animals, from which an intriguing picture of normal animal social life is emerging. For example, wolves have been traditionally pictured as bloodthirsty slaving beasts, but the field studies of Adolph Murie in Alaska show that the home life of a pack of wolves is a delightful affair, the group cooperating peacefully to obtain food, feed their young, and keep off other predators. Wolves reared by hand under proper conditions make delightful pets, better behaved than many dogs. Wolves can indeed be extremely destructive of livestock, and the pack may mercilessly attack and drive off a strange wolf, but the traditional slinking, slaving and treacherous animal of fic-

tion corresponds only to the behavior of a wolf that has been recently trapped and is extremely frightened.

The behavior of wolves is mirrored in their relatives, domestic dogs. The pet dog behaves as if the human family were his pack and its house his den. Within the family he is peaceful and cooperative, but unless trained otherwise he will attempt to attack and drive out any strange person or dog that enters the yard. Hence the frequent difficulties of postmen and other visitors. In a neighborhood with many dogs, the area around each house with a dog is recognized by every other dog as a territory, not to be entered except by permission, and this arrangement results in generally peaceful behavior. However, if a dog owner disturbs this organization by attempting to lead his animal into the territory

John Paul Scott, research professor of psychology at Bowling Green (Ohio) University, is the author of Animal Behavior, Aggression and, with John L. Fuller, Genetics and the Development of Social Behavior in the Dog (all University of Chicago Press).

of another, a serious dog fight is very likely to occur. The human being has introduced the element of social disorganization by leading his pet to break the bounds of territories.

I have studied the way in which peaceful behavior develops in a litter of puppies. Starting early in life, they begin playful fighting, biting and chewing on one another, and occasionally barking and threatening. Sometimes this develops into a serious fight; the puppies are too small to do much damage, but the result is a dominance relationship. In any conflict, the former winner of a fight has only to threaten the other pup, who responds by rolling on his back and yelping, thus indicating that he is subordinate. As the animals grow older these gestures may be reduced to a point where almost no overt aggression is seen.

Similar peaceful relationships can be developed between puppies and their human handlers. Indeed, puppies provide a model for the development of social control of aggression. In one experiment in which I participated, we raised more than 500 puppies from birth to maturity. For theoretical reasons we never punished them, yet I was bitten only once—a slight nip from a mother who resented my handling her newborn offspring. On every occasion these animals appeared to be extraordinarily submissive, but we achieved this without any overt repression. Instead, we started to pick up the young puppies and carry them from one place to another soon after they were born, and we continued the practice as they grew older. If we ever wished to control the behavior of a dog, all we had to do was to pick him up; we could even stop a dog fight in this way. The basic method was gentle restraint, beginning early in life, and it appeared to be enormously effective.

The means for the social control of aggression differ from one kind of animal to another, but common methods, as seen in wolves and dogs, are the development of dominance and subordination, and of territoriality. The results of a breakdown in social control have also been observed in many kinds of animals, and one of the most striking examples comes from the lower primates.

The behavior of baboons was first seriously studied by Zuckerman in the London Zoo. He described a situation in which a large number of strange males and a small number of females were confined in an area about the size of a small city lot. Then a large group of strange females was introduced, and the males began to fight with one another for the possession of the females. Sometimes females were torn to pieces, and during the three years that Zuckerman studied the group only one infant animal survived. The picture was one of unrelieved brutality and senseless violence. One could conclude that this is an analogue of man's primary nature, kept in check only by civilization.

But some time later, Washburn, De Vore and Hall began to study baboons under natural conditions and found that the behavior of the animals in normal, well-organized social groups on the African plains presented an entirely different picture. There was almost no serious fighting. The males were organized in a dominance order and kept their distance from one another. As a result, the younger and more subordinate males stayed on the outer edge of the group where they were most likely to come first into contact with predators. When a cheetah or other dangerous animal appeared, an alarm cry was given and the males all combined to attack and drive off the intruder. The females and young, far from

being attacked as in the disorganized zoo society described above, traveled inside the protection of this outer circle. If a juvenile baboon played so roughly with an infant that it began to cry, the mother or one of the senior males immediately came to its rescue and drove the older one away. When a female was ready to mate there was little excitement and no fighting. Rather than compete for her, the males waited while she chose a male, who might be, but was not necessarily, the most dominant animal. She could also pass from male to male with no disturbance.

In a baboon society, peaceful behavior is developed in many ways. One of the most important is the formation of strong habits of acting peaceably toward other members of the troop, which begins early in life and is enforced by the older members. Second, the formation of a dominance order establishes habitual modes whereby each baboon relates to every other member of the troop. Another important factor is undoubtedly the simple necessity of spending a great deal of time in the search for food. This peaceful and constructive activity makes it difficult to find leisure for destructive action, and tolerance in the course of time becomes a strong habit.

We can conclude that the social animal is capable of maturing into a peaceful and cooperative individual within a well-organized so-





ciety, but that he is also capable of developing destructive and violent behavior under conditions of social disorganization. In short, the major cause of outbreaks of destructive violence in animals is acute social disorganization.

We can no longer put the blame for irrational and destructive human behavior on man's "animal nature," for animal nature appears to permit a high degree of perfectibility. There is every reason to believe that our human ancestors, even before they developed language and a verbal culture, had evolved and developed similar mechanisms to control aggression through basic social organization. Whether culturally derived or not, territoriality is a common human device for control of aggression. Indeed, in our society, violation of territory is considered a serious crime. Dominance and subordination relationships are developed between every parent and child; as well as through quarrels among children on playgrounds. However, these primitive methods of social control all depend upon the ability of individuals to recognize one another and thus determine what behavior is appropriate—something much easier to do in a small group of lifelong associates than in the large crowds of a modern city.

One of the appealing characteristics of an urban community is that within it one may escape from

the petty restrictions of a closely organized village society. On the other hand, almost all the examples of senseless human violence come from large cities, and it may be that one price that must be paid for freedom from meddlesome scrutiny is the danger of violence from unknown hands.

Accurate figures are difficult to obtain, but it is clear from FBI crime reports that the incidence of most crimes of violence is correlated with the size of the city. In a recent year, the rate of aggravated assault (including all attempts to injure another person physically) was twice as great in cities as in suburban and rural areas, and the rate in cities greater than 250,000 was more than four times that in rural areas. This is the class of crime most likely to include acts of senseless violence. Robbery and forcible rape follow similar patterns, with an almost perfect correlation between city size and crime rate.

Crimes resulting in death follow a different pattern. The rates for murder and negligent homicide are high in rural areas, low in small cities, and jump again in cities of more than 100,000. The safest place with respect to any class of violent crime is in a town or city smaller than 10,000. Violence also occurs here, but the crimes are understandable: husbands beating wives and wives shooting husbands; have-nots stealing from the haves. Fur-

thermore, in a stable village community the author of a crime is almost always apprehended because everyone knows everyone else.

It is hard to determine whether or not crimes of violence are actually on the increase. FBI figures report greater total numbers of crimes over the past few years, but this may in part be caused by better methods of reporting. These figures also show increasing crime rates, but those relating to violence are concentrated in the large cities. Cases of aggravated assault actually decreased in the ten years from 1953 to 1963, except in cities of more than 100,000, and murder similarly dropped except in cities of the very largest class.

The figures may be misleading also because they are based on the total population rather than on age groups. The baby boom following World War II has produced a tremendous increase in the relative numbers of young people. This could cause an increase in per capita crime rates because a larger proportion of the population is now in the age bracket which commits most of the crimes.

Who are the criminals who commit apparently purposeless violence? Frequently they are lost in the anonymity of a large and partially disorganized city community, but when they are apprehended and the facts concerning them can be investigated by trained scientists, certain generalities begin to appear. Such criminals are almost invariably young unmarried males. Partly this is so because the male sex hormone lowers the threshold of stimulation for fighting, and partly it is because boys and girls receive different cultural treatment. These young male criminals are often unemployed and almost invariably have a history of broken or disordered homes. They may have been illegitimate children brought up by unwilling relatives, or children whose fathers were dead and whose stepfathers mistreated them. Many have lost both parents and been passed from one foster home to another. In short, the great majority of such criminals come from disorganized families.

What does a male parent do in a well-organized family? In the first place, he provides an example of restrained and peaceable adult be-

havior and thus gives the child a model which he can follow and with whom he can identify himself. Second, he enforces peaceable behavior and thus starts the formation of useful habits, not only of peaceful living with peers and adults but also of respect and obedience for figures of socially accepted authority.

The reasons why any given individual becomes violent can be discovered only by a thorough investigation of that particular case. Besides the general absence of social control, there are immediate factors which produce violence. In the case of fighting, one should always begin by looking at outside circumstances, for the physiology of fighting indicates that the primary stimulation comes from the outside rather than from a spontaneous inner need. There are two common sources of such external stimuli. One is the organization of a group for purposes of violence, as in many juvenile gangs and in the more highly organized forms of fighting seen in war. The other is direct emotional stimulation, and one of the best examples came to me many years ago in the case of a young boy who had been expelled from kindergarten for violent behavior. According to his teacher, he would begin each morning by attacking either her or his classmates for no reason. Investigation showed that the boy was coming to school on a bus with several older brothers who delighted in alleviating the tedium of the ride by teasing their little brother. As a result, he arrived at school seething with fury and attacked the nearest available object. Similarly, almost any case of destructive violence

becomes understandable in terms of the past history and immediate provocation of the individual concerned. However, such facts are not ordinarily available to crime reporters, who are under pressure to turn out their stories at once rather than to wait out the days or even weeks which it may take to dig for these facts. And in any case, a mystery makes a better news story than a well-documented case history.

It is relatively easy to find a remedy for the behavior of a small boy who is just beginning a life of violence, but what is the cure for the person who has developed a strong habit of violent behavior over a period of years? This kind of person is often described as a psychopathic personality, as opposed to an individual who may have made one impulsive mistake or succumbed to unusual pressures. At present there is no conspicuously successful method for dealing with the psychopath. Psychiatrists agree that their chances of improvement are poor, and since they are highly dangerous, few people wish to work with them except under the conditions of physical restraint provided by prisons and detention centers. We can only conclude that prevention of violence is far more effective than its cure.

We must be concerned to prevent social disorganization, which has three main aspects: family disorganization, the disorganization produced by the normal transition from one's original home to the founding of a new family, and the occurrence of large disorganized populations in cities. (Social disorganization can also occur in rural areas, and studies by Alexander Leighton have shown that it has

much the same symptoms and results: poverty, broken families, high crime rates and even high rates of mental illness. His results also give a laboratory demonstration of the improvement that results from improved organization.)

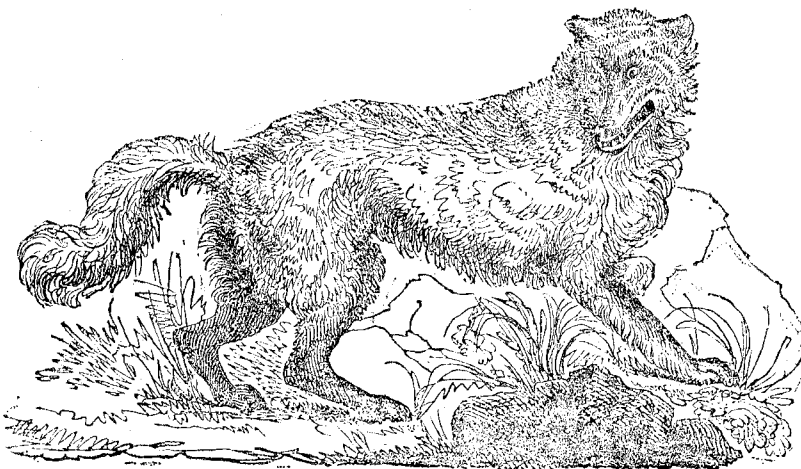
The remedy for the disorganization of city life is the restoration of social organization. Part of this is achieved by the creation of an honest and effective police force. Instead of each person observing his neighbor and looking out for his safety, we have a policeman standing on the corner and doing the job for everyone. There is no substitute for a well-trained and efficient police force.

More than this, in any city there are always well-known areas where violence is concentrated, and it usually turns out that these are areas of social disorganization of one sort or another. Neighborhoods in which large numbers of recent immigrants live, often crowded together and confined in ghettos where they cannot escape from one another, are an example. Other crime-ridden areas are the skid rows in which wandering men live without families.

Then there is the social disorganization associated with family life and not necessarily confined to any one area. Crimes are more likely to be committed by persons who have come from broken homes and neglectful parents, and in our society there is a regular developmental period of social disorganization when a person leaves his primary family and has not yet formed a new family group of his own.

The solutions to these problems of social disorganization are obvious but not easy. We need to develop honest and efficient law enforcement. We need to know our neighbors, troublesome as this is at times, so that we can cooperate with them when necessary. One answer is some sort of formal neighborhood organization for cities, such as the block system which has been attempted in certain areas of Chicago.

We need to discourage broken homes and develop competent parents. Finally, we need to provide young adult males with useful, constructive and rewarding activities which will bring them back into the social structure. That is



what the Peace Corps, and more especially the Job Corps, are attempting to do. This method for the control of violence was suggested by William James more than a generation ago. It is still as sound as it ever was and should produce widespread results when

effectively and continuously used.

Such remedies will not completely control violence, nor is there any good prospect that it will ever be eliminated. They do act to *reduce* the rate of violence in proportion to the amount of effort expended. We need to remember that the

problem of violence cannot be solved by one-shot emergency measures such as putting the police on extra duty for a week or setting up a Youth Corps for a few years and then letting it lapse. The price of a peaceful society is continuous effort.

TEACH-INS

New Force for the Times Arnold S. Kaufman

Perhaps we are witnessing the death throes of McCarthyism. The man has been dead for almost ten years, but his spirit continues to frighten people and contaminate intelligence. Now, the main custodians of human intellect and its works in a society such as ours—the scholars and the teachers—are counterattacking. The teach-in movement is part of their effort to strengthen institutions without which freedom of inquiry and integrity of commitment cannot be preserved.

To suppose that the teach-ins are no more than a specific expression of opposition to Administration foreign policy would be a fundamental error. The National Teach-In at Washington was a step—perhaps a giant step—in the attempt to build a society which is free because its citizens are thoughtful and informed. A dream, perhaps; but a dream that is not alien to the traditions of this nation. McGeorge Bundy, in the statement announcing that he could not attend the teach-in, put it as well as anyone:

The American people know that the real danger will come when we are afraid of any unpopular minority, or unwilling to reply to its voices. They understand what Communists cannot understand at all—that open discussion between our citizens and their government is the central nervous system of our free society.

But Mr. Bundy has not kept himself informed about the American people. It is precisely because too many Americans, some of them in high places, do not understand what Bundy credits them with understanding that academic communi-

ties are in motion. The main disagreement between Bundy and his critics is about the present and urgent need to repair and reinvigorate the “central nervous system” of American democracy. The basic conflict is between those who respect truth and understand the processes by which informed public policy must be pursued, and those who do not.

The issue has been joined over the Vietnamese disorder precisely because Administration spokesmen have propagated a myth. Walter Lippmann makes the point with typical precision: “The essential fact about these disorders is that they are at bottom indigenous to the countries where the social order is broken down, not originally, not essentially, conspiracies engineered from the centers of Communist power.” Lippmann concludes, “Surely it is time to grow up.” (*Newsweek*, May 24.)

Most people know that more than fifty teach-ins have occurred around the country, and that the surge of activity culminated in Washington on May 15. Few realize just how deeply the teach-ins are reaching into campus life. Trouble is brewing in the most unlikely places.

Arizona was the only state in the Union outside the Deep South that gave Goldwater a plurality. Today, both of Arizona’s state universities are in ferment, and the pronouncements being made would have been inconceivable a short time ago. Purists who insist on the distinction between protest and debate should bear in mind that when that which cannot be discussed is discussed, the debate is by its very content a protest. It is not surprising, then, that when, at the recent Arizona University teach-in, a member of the faculty remarked that the

United States might be unable to prevent Asia from going Communist, political tempers shot up like rockets. The state Senate Appropriations Committee and the State Institutions Committee summoned both university presidents and their respective governing bodies to the legislature for an accounting. The outcome is still in doubt.

And what more unlikely place for acts of political courage than the University of California branch at San Diego? Right-wing extremism flourishes in the area. When twenty-three students and teachers protested against intervention in the Dominican Republic, the *San Diego Tribune* furiously editorialized:

San Diego has a large stake in the university. It has an even larger stake in the military establishments which it also brought here and to which it has given land, and in the atmosphere that has made service to country a high calling. If the university is to thrive in this area, it cannot be allowed to become the staging area for social and ideological resentments.

The Union made the threat explicit by announcing that if the regents do not put a stop to political shenanigans, “this newspaper will do everything possible to see that the state Legislature does.” The response? The faculty and students are organizing a teach-in; and the chancellor of the university, John S. Galbraith, has pressed the point home by reaffirming the university’s commitment “to the great traditions of free inquiry and free expression. . . .” This is heady stuff for San Diego.

Indeed, freedom is a heady business. No one understands this better than college administrators. As long as genuine freedom is celebrated by rhetoric rather than by public exercise, campuses remain

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quietly comfortable. But it appears that the peace that frustrates understanding is no more. The rhetoric of free expression is being translated into *action relevant to power*. It's enough to make the stomach of even the doughtiest administrator rumble. If the inevitable pressures to conform are resisted by those who run our universities, this society will have passed a milestone on the road to genuine democracy.

What has set into motion so many of those Americans who cherish the skills of the mind? There are many causes, and the precipitating one was clearly the Administration's decision, contrary to all assurances given before the election, to enlarge the war in Vietnam. The opposition of those already opposed to U.S. policy was intensified; many others who had been teetering haplessly on the edge of indecision fell into opposition. And because they felt duped and manipulated, their reactions were correspondingly intense. The intensity of the reaction is very important. Dissent from official policy will not propel men into the sorts of actions that have been taken unless they feel *intensely* opposed.

Opposition to Vietnamese policy has been in large part inspired by general dissatisfaction with the main lines of American foreign policy. Many of us who endorsed the Marshall Plan and the Truman Doctrine, who supported U.S. action in Berlin, Korea and Cuba, are simply unwilling any longer to accept as valid the assumption that the threat communism poses is either monolithic or predominantly military. Nor are we willing any longer to credit the claim that all revolutionary disturbances are essentially "conspiracies, engineered from the centers of Communist power." We do not propose abdication of responsibility. We are not isolationist, neo-isolationist or crypto-isolationist. And we will not be detracted by such vapid criticism.

Nor will we any longer accept the simple-minded litany about the fight between tyranny and freedom — between the forces of darkness and the forces of light. Far from being unwilling to acknowledge the existence of evil in the world, we realistically insist that these tendencies are as likely to be buried in the breast of the publisher of

some Western news magazine as in the breast of the editor of *Pravda*. (That assumption, incidentally, is in keeping with the entire tradition of mature religious and secular thought.) Those who have inspired the teach-in movement believe that revolutionary movements must not be suppressed. Instead, this nation must learn to respect revolutionary energies that are consistent with a genuine concern for liberty and social justice. In some places they may take the form of social democracy. In other places the situation may require an accommodation with Communist power. For once we stop viewing communism as monolithic, we are free to *consider the possibility* that accommodation may be preferable to endorsement of some equally or more oppressive regime which lacks even the degree of popular support that indigenous Communist movements enjoy. In any event, we are determined that *de facto* support of non-Communist tyrants shall not be concealed by the rhetoric of the American credo. What seems especially clear to us is that our policy makers have been neither resourceful nor always committed to the values of liberty and social justice in the making of American foreign policy.

And it becomes increasingly clear that they do not even pursue our vital national interests effectively. The wide range of criticisms has brought together strange bedfellows. Any protest movement that contains both A. J. Muste and Hans Morgenthau must have a broad base of support — to put it mildly. But widespread criticism of American policy does not alone account for the spectacular spread of the teach-in movement.

Nothing has aroused more irritation among thoughtful men than the Administration's huckster approach to the problem of "selling" its policies to the American public. Nowhere is the aversion to being manipulated into consensus felt more strongly than on campuses. But academicians are not alone in this: one great ally has been the working press. Not long ago, a few of us, active in organizing the National Teach-In, were interviewed by a reporter in behalf of a prominent magazine. After the article on which he worked had appeared, he wrote an apologetic note to me: "Unbelievable," he called it. "Almost

a classic example of the old gag line: 'My mind is made up—don't bother me with facts.'" The working press is sick of the deception and distortion that so many publishers and officials force it to accept. It is disgusted with news management that undermines respect for both the reporter and his craft. Newsmen are fed up with a process that converts honest work into a product indistinguishable in its fidelity to truth from the wares of the *Daily Worker*. The tacit support from members of the working press has made it possible for the teach-in movement to become effective.

Another motivation has been discontent with the functioning of our political institutions. In his book, *The Public Philosophy*, Walter Lippmann complained about the intrusion by the legislature into what were properly the functions of the Executive branch of government. This difficulty he termed a "derangement of powers." One of the ironies of the present mess is that Lippmann has become one of the strongest critics of a policy the defects of which are due in no small measure to Congressional abdication of constitutional responsibilities to the Executive. President Johnson seems bent on reducing Congressional opposition to ineffective jabbering by portraying critics as mavericks and kooks. It is common knowledge that much political muscle has been applied in order to silence more "responsible" critics in Congress.

The teach-in movement is partly an effort to fill the resulting organizational vacuum. Democracy requires dissent. Dissent requires an effective and courageous opposition to government policy. It is a reflection of the weakness of the American system that effective opposition has not been adequately voiced in our legislative assemblies. It is a reflection of the basic strength and adaptability of the system that substitutes for this lack are being provided by members of the academic community.

Many active in the Vietnam protest have been stalwarts in the civil rights movement and have participated in its impressive victories. The way in which "hard realities" have yielded to civil rights pressure has, along with President Kennedy's deliberate efforts to engage academic people in public life, lessened the intellectual's tradi-

tional sense of powerlessness. There is nothing like a good dose of fulfillment to strengthen a person's will to believe that possibilities can be converted into policy change. And few things will as effectively transform quiescence into activism as a strong will to believe. These background circumstances also partly account for the sturdy links between the civil rights movement and the Vietnam protest. The political implications of this relationship are explosive.

Finally, but perhaps most important in explaining the teach-in movement, is the condition of discontent and ferment that exists on our campuses themselves. This is not the place to analyze the condition, but a brief description of the events resulting in the first teach-in at Michigan (March 24) will illustrate its importance.

Our original plan had been to hold a one-day suspension of classes because we felt that the seriousness of the enlargement of the Vietnam conflict warranted a departure from work as usual. Though we pledged to make up missed work, we were not able to still criticism. Governor Romney denounced us, declaring that we had given "about the worst type of example professors could give to students. Professors and adults," he added, "have to set a good example of measur-

ing up to their responsibilities." That, of course, was precisely what we were trying to do. But presumably in the world of governors and auto executives business is always business, and sacred. In any event, the state Senate soon passed a condemnatory resolution and major newspapers in the state criticized our stand editorially. What hurt most, however, was the reaction of our colleagues. Their attention was diverted from the merits of our cause to discussing the responsibilities of teachers.

The issue of responsibility is very important, but not exactly what we were concerned about. So we decided to change our tactic. Instead of "failing to meet our teaching responsibilities," we decided that, in addition to our regular teaching duties, we would teach all night. Hence, "teach-in."

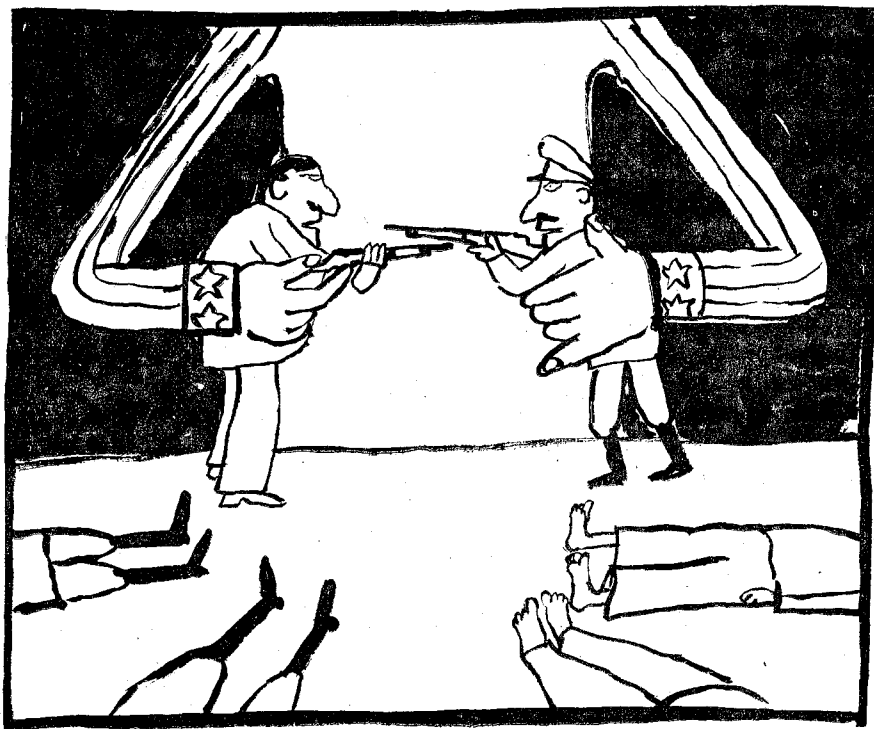
It is important to acknowledge the restraint and good sense with which the university administration handled the serious problems that our actions posed. An enormous public pressure had built up. Other administrations have crumbled like cookies under the impact of far less pressure. Berkeley was an example still vivid in the memories of all of us. Instead, our change of strategy was greeted with relief and gratitude by officials and colleagues alike. The gratitude was, I am sure, a considerable factor in

the subsequent success of the first teach-in. Students worked unstintingly in an effort to assure success. I suspect that the cooperation between student and faculty was unprecedented in the history of Michigan University.

We anticipated an audience of about 700; more than 2,500 persons appeared. Reactions were mixed. One letter I received read: "Dear Professor, I hate to think of a man like you teaching our young people; you are either a fool or a mental case. . . ." But the reactions that meant most to me were those of students who afterward claimed that the teach-in was the most meaningful *educational* experience they had ever had. For the first time they realized what a university might be. The letter I most cherish was one from four students which began: "We are encouraged and deeply moved by your participation in the recent demonstrations on Vietnam—because it indicates that you have seriously dealt with the question of responsibility and commitment." It would be interesting to have Governor Romney and these young people debate the responsibilities of educators.

The other relevant condition of our campuses is less spiritual, but not less important. Teachers are simply more secure than most people. Good educators get tenure quickly and are in a powerful bargaining position. No major university, no state legislature, can afford to act oppressively toward any portion of their faculty, for to do so might result in the alienation and prompt departure of many besides the main "offenders." It is easier to be outspoken in behalf of convictions when doing so does not place one's job in jeopardy.

With certain exceptions, the National Teach-In has received a remarkably sympathetic hearing from press and public. All things considered, there has not been much redbaiting. Most of the criticism has consisted of the charge that we acted "irresponsibly" and "unpatriotically." The main argument leveled against our activity is that we are giving aid and comfort to the Communists, postponing the day when they will be willing to begin negotiations, and thereby jeopardizing American lives committed to battle. Bipartisan voice



Tomi Ungerer

has been given to this criticism—both Sen. Russell Long and Rep. Gerald Ford having made the charge in speeches. In our brochure, "The Meaning of the National Teach-In," we reply to this criticism at some length. Very briefly, the validity of the argument rests on the assumption that present government policy will bring those who can stop the conflict to the bargaining table. But as that is one of the very points at issue, the criticism reduces to the claim that those who do not accept the Administration reasoning are unpatriotic. A point of view more irresponsible, more subversive of genuine democratic commitment, can hardly be imagined.

Besides this bit of circular reasoning, we have been subjected to little more than *Time's* predictable adjectives ("cattiness and caterwauling"), and the normal sorts of misdescription that creep into reports of any complex event. The truly responsible press has described what went on at the National Teach-In with remarkable fidelity to fact, and with sympathy and respect. In an editorial, *The New York Times* commented: "... the academicians on both sides conducted themselves with a dignity and respect for fact that contrasted favorably with the emotionalism that too often passes for discussion in foreign affairs. . . ." James Reston credited us with having "developed into a forum of national debate which could be of fundamental importance to the nation." How have we managed to avoid most of the more contemptible forms of criticism? How have we managed to earn as much respect and sympathy as we have?

It would be nice to think that it is all due to the fact that our virtue shines through. It is undoubtedly true that we managed to convince some reporters that we meant what we said; that we were not being disingenuous when we claimed to have a concern for the quality of the democratic process. It is also true that the National Teach-In received an immense, and unexpected, TV coverage. Millions of Americans could see for themselves that "cattiness and caterwauling" were hair-raising distortions of the reality of the event that took place in Washington. Moreover, our sponsors include men of unimpeachable

integrity and commitment to scholarly inquiry. Ernest Nagel, sponsor and moderator of the afternoon confrontation, enjoys as much moral and intellectual prestige as anyone in academic life. Men like B. F. Skinner and Talcott Parsons, Richard Hofstadter and Abba Lerner, Kenneth Boulding and Hans J. Morgenthau hold secure places in the intellectual life of this nation. Moreover, their names are known to those who have even a passing interest in the world of ideas. And having Benjamin Spock, Jonas Salk, Arthur Miller and Nobel Prize-winners Max Born and Albert Szent-Gyorgi on your side does not hurt.

But the prestige of one's sponsors is a thin reed on which to rest one's claim to legitimacy. Besides the latent sympathy of those newsmen who had been subjected to the same forms of manipulation and constraint that we were caviling against, there were other conditions. There is great public distrust of the Administration's Vietnam policy. The latest Gallup poll (*New York Herald Tribune*, May 16) indicates that 48 per cent of the population has yet to be convinced that the government is handling affairs in Vietnam as well as one might expect. This does not mean that 48 per cent of the population opposes present policy, but it does mean that anyone who develops reasoned criticism serves a very general need for greater understanding. Moreover, among those who support present policy and think the Administration has done as well as can be expected, there are many who realize that they might be mistaken. They must, if they are sane, be fearful of potential miscalculation. They too must appreciate reasoned discussion and debate, if only because it reinforces their conviction that the Administration's fateful decisions are correct.

Moreover, it is obvious to those who have even the most casual acquaintance with the teach-in movement that we do not hew to a "line." Our opinions vary from those who demand instant withdrawal to those who believe only that the decision to enlarge the war was wrong—and everything in between. What we have in common is a conviction that the Ad-

ministration has not leveled with the American people, and a determination to bring the disciplines of careful thought and scholarly inquiry to bear on the momentous issues of peace and war.

Another factor that has contributed to our good public image is that academic communities are, from the point of sheer size, a very significant part of the total population. More than 3 million students combine with approximately 500,000 faculty; and these are linked in an indefinitely large number of ways to persons in business, the professions and public and political life. From a purely political point of view, it is not a group that can be ignored.

Our connection with persons in public life is the keystone in the arch. Had McGeorge Bundy not accepted our invitation we could hardly have attracted the attention we did attract. He is reported to have told friends, "These are my people; I must talk to them." Moreover, there is in his statement of regret a sentence that may yet prove to be of enormous importance. "I wholly disagree," he said, "with those who have argued that it is inappropriate for a government official to take part in a discussion of this kind." This is an astonishing acknowledgment of the legitimacy of the National Teach-In enterprise. We are not going to sit around, holding our breath, waiting to see whether Bundy really means what he says, or whether in saying it he speaks for the Administration. But we are not, on the other hand, going to play the cynic in order to avert the charge of "naïveté." We shall see. Ours are not the only credentials that must be certified by events.

It is also the case that thousands of academics who are presently aligned against the President's policy were politically active in the last campaign. For example, among the sponsors of the Michigan teach-in were the past chairman of our local Citizen's for Johnson-Humphrey Committee (he received four different invitations to the Inaugural Ball and profuse thanks for his efforts), the only Democratic mayor Ann Arbor has had in more than three decades, one of the principal campaign managers for our successful Democratic candidate for Congress, and countless persons

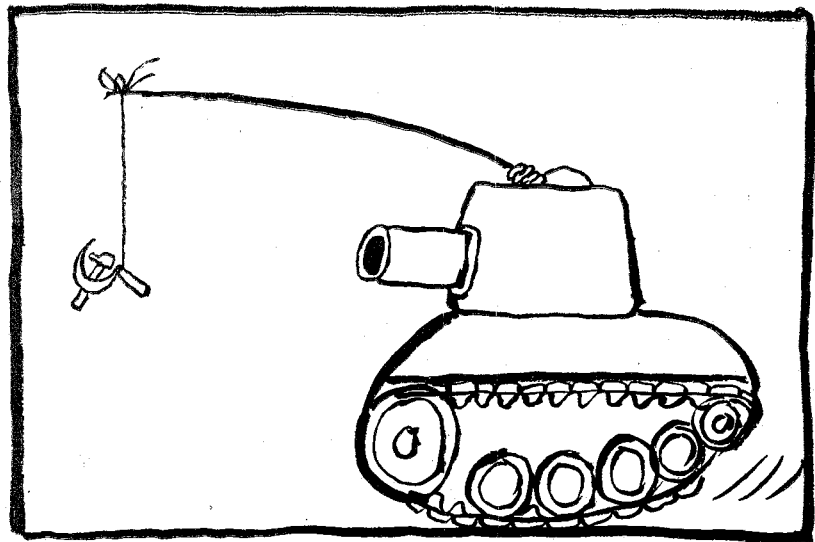
active in the precincts. Moreover, the local Democratic Party recently passed, by a vote of more than 2 to 1, a resolution condemning the Administration's enlargement of the Vietnam conflict.

Finally, our relative immunity from vilification is in large part due to the fact that the public has a rather schizophrenic attitude toward colleges and universities. On the one hand, they typically view institutions of higher education as places to which children must go in order to acquire earning power and social status. On the other hand, they think of commitment to the life of scholarly inquiry as somehow sacred. And they regard members of academic communities as still predominantly committed to the search for truth and understanding. Most persons respect these pursuits as long as they do not encroach too severely on the conventional wisdom. Critical examination, self-examination, is acceptable as long as it does not penetrate beyond limits prescribed by genteel morality. The point is, the public is ambivalent. Respect for members of the academic community coexists with a crassly instrumental conception of the uses of universities; and both are hedged round by fear of, and a contempt rooted in envy for, the disciplines of intellect.

One illusion prevalent in every society is that those who possess power necessarily exercise it responsibly. Until and unless this claim is put to the test of criticism it is so much superstition.

After the clamor of war has died, what was achieved on May 15 will stand as a monument in the continuing effort to forge institutions that subject power to the test of reason in full view of the public. That such an event occurred at all will stand as a tribute to the resilience and adaptability of our institutions. It could not have occurred, nor probably can it occur again, without the cooperation of those in government who understand the conditions which permit "the central nervous system" of a free society to function.

An administration self-confident enough to permit such a process of confrontation to develop can go down in history as having made a fundamental contribution to the



evolution of the democratic process. An administration wise enough to encourage this confrontation will go down in history as having shaped the democratic process in profoundly creative ways.

We have glimpsed only the potentialities. In a column in *The New York Times*, Jack Gould describes the TV coverage of the National Teach-In as an "important landmark in the evolution of communications." Whether or not this is a judicious estimate of our achievement, it is undoubtedly true that TV coverage has given us a glimpse of the way in which the medium can be used to inspire rather than stultify the intelligence and spirit of the people. The ability to grasp the opportunities that are available, to exploit in creative ways what has been achieved, depends to a very large extent on the response of government.

The Administration should realize that it has a genuine interest not only in cooperating with, but in promoting, the teach-in movement. Apparently, the one criticism that makes those responsible for our foreign policy shoot off like firecrackers is the charge that they are Strangelove types. Assuming that they are not inflexibly committed to military action wherever and whenever trouble brews, they should greet with relief and enthusiasm any movement that opens to public inspection the full range of available policy alternatives. And they should respond in this way even if the attempt to explore alternatives comes in the garb of protest and debate. That is perhaps more than one can normally expect of human beings; but why

shouldn't our policy makers be better than normal? Why shouldn't they even be statesmen?

For too long certain reasonable alternative policies have been irresponsibly ruled out of contention because of purely domestic political considerations. The issue of recognizing Communist China is a case in point. No doubt, recognition is not a panacea, but neither would it create a hole in the dam holding back the forces of evil.

More important, unfettered discussion of reasons for and against alternative policies has been restricted to inner sancta of one form or another—the inner sancta of the academies or the inner sancta of the White House and the Pentagon. The American people have been treated like children, and it is time to bring an end to manipulative paternalism in the conduct of foreign policy. Why shouldn't the American people be exposed to the thinking of Trotskyites as well as the thinking of Birchites? Why shouldn't we, as a nation, move closer to that theoretical ideal that has inspired so many of the builders of Western civilization—a true market place of ideas? Only remember, ideas are not there to be bought and sold like commodities. Ideas are there to be assimilated, rejected, treated seriously and with the respect due the premier productions of human organisms.

If a revolution in our national habits of public discussion could be brought about along the lines envisioned above, it would—far from inhibiting the making of American foreign policy—for the first time liberate it and permit it to conform to reason.

Oswald Garrison Villard

The Pacifist Rough Rider Michael Wreszin

It is sometimes necessary to skin skunks; but it is always necessary to choose the skunk. Really I do not think Oswald Garrison Villard ought to be honored with an attack. To change the metaphor, he is the kind of crawling thing we step on, provided the crunch won't leave too much of a stain upon the floor.

Theodore Roosevelt to Henry Reuter Dahl, November 30, 1915

You are a God damn fool. You got a mind like an old family photograph album. Any idea you get stays. You are just as set and incapable of thinking as that triple shit Villard (who is possibly dishonest).

Ezra Pound to Upton Sinclair, January 30, 1935

Men of power, men of letters—Villard managed to drive them all to the point of frenzy at one time or another. He wanted, above all, to be effective as a crusading journalist, and since nothing confirmed success so much as abuse from the victims of his prodding, he would have been delighted had he ever seen these letters. It has been said that Villard, "the greatest monographer on what's wrong with the world," suffered a lifetime of disappointments as the champion of lost causes. I suspect that one of his greatest disappointments was his discovery that the suspension of *The Nation* in September, 1918, was not in response to his article blasting the Justice Department for its violation of civil liberties, but for Albert Jay Nock's article characterizing Samuel Gompers as the administration's lackey, traveling in an "atmosphere of sheer bagmanism." Still there was some gratification—it was undoubtedly the only time in American history when the government suppressed a journal for abusing a labor leader.

In the twenties, Villard was applauded for making "more acres of public men acutely miserable per square unit of circulation than any other editor alive." This, too, was music to his ears. When he went to his offices at the *New York Evening Post* and later *The Nation*, he must

have summoned up that spartan composing room of his abolitionist forebear, William Lloyd Garrison. He conceded that he was unable to work with men and women "who are incapable of hot indignation at something or other. . . . To minimize every evil . . . is to condone it and in time to destroy one's influence." Villard invariably translated his causes into moral movements and attacked the "half-heartedness" of those who offered lip service.

Such dedication, intransigence and belligerence are alien to our ears. One is almost embarrassed to defend an inflexible absolutism and self-righteous moralism that at times seem so rigid as to be almost dangerous. But most of all we ask today—were Villard and his kind effective? Judging by recent appraisals, they command neither respect nor attention, except as object lessons in futility. Daniel Bell, a pre-eminent authority on "the exhaustion of political ideas" selects Villard and his predecessor on *The Nation*, E. L. Godkin, as whipping boys in the name of *Realpolitik*: "One ultimately comes to admire the practical politics of a Theodore Roosevelt and his scorn for the intransigents like Godkin and Villard, who, refusing to yield to expediency, could never put through their reforms." That neither Godkin nor Villard ever considered themselves "consensus" politicians is apparently of little relevance. Today even the gadfly journalist is admonished by the academician to look at events through the eyes of the politician. Bell informs us, with a certitude equal to any ever expressed by Villard, that "democratic politics is bargaining and consensus because the historic contribution of liberalism was to separate law from morality."

Villard always suffered from the quaint conceit that law and morality were inseparable or, at least, should be. He had his shortcomings, his blind spots, and ultimately his loss of insight. But it is to his credit that he never confused the role of the journalist with that of the "practical politician." Villard understood that a democratic society is immeasurably weakened when its critics become concerned with the

technique of politics and the burdens of office to the extent that they abandon their demands and look with enthusiasm on a political dialogue which has been appropriately described as "the uncommitted haggling with the uncommitted."

One wonders how a meaningful "consensus" is to be arrived at when journalists, academicians and intellectuals do little but echo the politicians' enthusiasm for what is vaguely described as the "mainstream." Randolph Bourne, a contemporary of Villard, watched the journalists rally round the flag in 1917 and accurately predicted the consequences: "If your ideal is to be adjustment to the situation in radiant cooperation with reality, then your success is likely to be just that and nothing more. . . . If your policy as a publicist reformer is to take what you can get, you are likely to find that you get something less than you should be willing to take."

Villard always wanted much more than most of his contemporaries were willing to settle for. His absolutist aspirations made success, measured by his standards, impossible of achievement. His stock in trade as a journalist was righteous indignation. He nurtured and sustained it by his incurable hero worship, whereby he—unconsciously?—set up public men for the kill. Villard is remembered best for his rogues' gallery of backsliding politicians. His hall of heroes should not be forgotten—more often than not they were the same men.

While still owner of the *Post* in 1915, Villard was a militant opponent of preparedness and American intervention in the European war. When Wilson's diplomacy seemed to lessen the threat of war, Villard broke a precedent of 114 years by printing the sober portrait of the President across the previously unblemished front page. The caption read, "This is the man who, without rattling a sword . . . won for civilization. . . ." During the Washington Naval Conference of 1921, Villard wrote that only three or four words from Harding, calling for total disarmament, would establish him as "one of the great

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June 21, 1965

figures of the world and as the savior of Europe." When Franklin Roosevelt first ran for President, Villard wrote. "You have the greatest opportunity to come to any man in my life time. . . ."

Subsequently Wilson became "the greatest criminal of all," Roosevelt "the great deceptor," and poor old Harding, "the Marion marionette." Senators Borah and Norris, as well as Newton Baker, Wendell Willkie, Thomas Masaryk and countless others suffered similar fates: first unrestrained support and then the inevitable bitter rebuke—they had sold out, compromised.

The classic confrontation came with Villard's disillusionment with Ramsay MacDonald. When MacDonald became Prime Minister in 1924, Villard was jubilant. MacDonald's success, he reported, had "sent an electric thrill around the world." In 1930, however, when MacDonald again headed the Labour government, and compromised many of his former positions, Villard was appalled. The Prime Minister's lack of sympathy for Gandhi was the last straw, and Villard was quick to send off a stinging letter of disapproval. MacDonald, who never took criticism lightly, lashed out at Villard for crying "Lord, Lord" without having the faintest notion of the burdens of leadership:

I am just as anxious to help India to liberty as you are but, unfortunately for me, I am not free to withdraw myself and sit on a hillside and to decline to believe that the world is any different from the pleasant emotions which come into my heart. . . . If you would only exchange your position for mine for the space of one single day you would awake the next morning a much sadder and wiser man.

To this Villard responded, "I am sorry that I cannot compromise and, as Wendell Phillips once said, 'I must entrench myself upon principle and leave the working out of details to almighty God.'"

Did Villard ever really entertain the hopes he expressed for public men? After each disappointment he would swear to friends that never again would he "have faith in any man in public life." But with each new cause he renewed his faith, only to come away in the end expressing bitterness and hurling accusations of betrayal. It is not Villard's carping, his apparent despair and disillusionment that provide the key to his character, but rather his un-

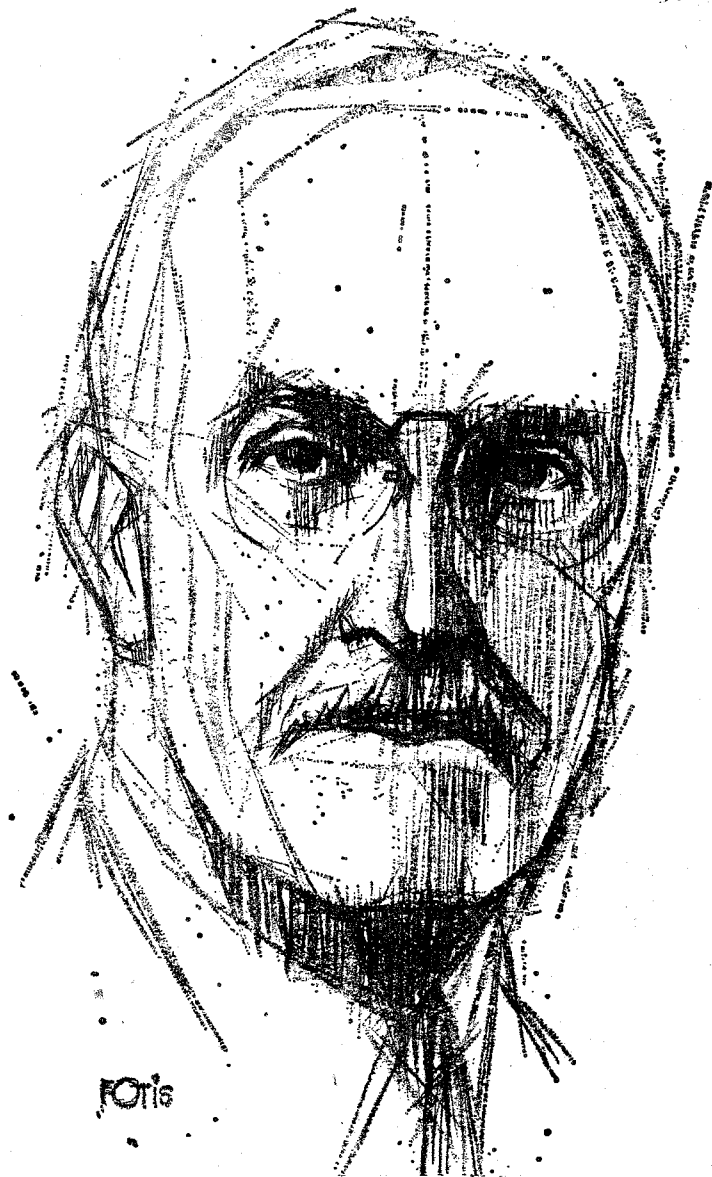
bounded faith in the perfectibility of man and man's ability to transform his world.

Henry Mencken understood Villard and his conception of *The Nation* better than those who saw Villard as a malcontent and his journal as destructive. He noted with amusement Villard's "boyish innocence." He was astonished that as late as 1928 Villard could still wave high the banner of reform: "Villard nearing sixty? It is hard to imagine. He will always be of that age that dreams of honest politics, i.e., edible cobblestones, white blackbirds—and leaps to the summons of high adventure."

Villard's short biographical portrait of Fremont Older, the editor of the San Francisco *Call and Post*, reflects his own aspirations. Older's readers, Villard wrote, "thank heaven daily for his courage and de-

termination; they are ready to go through earthly purgatory for him . . . for they know what sacrifices he has made for principle." Villard offered a masterful, although probably unconscious, bit of self-analysis when he remarked that Older's "errors came through sudden passionate action on impulses, usually good, which took possession of him and carried him off his feet."

Villard brought this militant concept to his editorship of *The Nation*. It was to be an organ of "uncompromising liberalism." During the years of his active editorship, 1918-33, he made the magazine his monument. It reflected his views and championed his causes: pacifism through total disarmament, the end of economic imperialism, complete racial equality (political, social and economic), woman suf-



frage, an end to capital punishment, a government responsible for the economic welfare of all its citizens, the right of labor to bargain collectively. Years after his resignation he wrote, "I was captain and supercargo, purser and recruiting officer, and I had the complete satisfaction of modeling my historic journal to my exact wishes and beliefs."

In 1925, at approximately midpoint in his editorship, Villard was 52 years old; Lewis Gannett, his associate editor, was 34; Joseph Wood Krutch, the drama critic, was 32; Mark Van Doren, the literary editor, was 31, and Freda Kirchwey was not long off the campus. Ludwig Lewisohn was a doddering 43, but his spectacular life justifies his inclusion among the youthful spirits that had invaded the antiquated offices overlooking St. Paul's churchyard on Vesey Street. The venerable Villard, half-patron, half-reformer, with decidedly aristocratic and at times quite Victorian tastes, had his problems. Young and rebellious editors and staff writers, most of whom he had recruited, came and went with increasing regularity. When they complained to "the boss" about his paternalistic, not to say tyrannical, domination, he replied that he came from a "journalistic tradition that believed there could only be one head of a newspaper."

Villard even kept a close watch on the literary departments. On occasion he would burst into an editor's office waving a letter from a kindly old lady subscriber whose sensibilities had been offended. He felt that Mark Van Doren's choice of poetry was "queer," it was "different," it was not "hopeful." Van Doren published a poem by Babette Deutsch and Villard balked at the phrase, "As dozing bitches break their dreams to bark." "I object to this new poetical license in which we speak of bitches. There is a dignity about our paper that must be upheld." Couldn't Van Doren solicit poetry from someone like Frank Hill? (Hill was to be Allen Nevins' collaborator on the biography of the Ford Company.) An associate recalls that on one occasion the mild-mannered Van Doren looked up at the red-faced boss and shouted, "Mr. Villard, you don't know a god damn thing about poetry." Van Doren did publish pieces by Hill, but he continued to encourage such writers and poets of the period as

Robert Graves, Hart Crane, Robinson Jeffers and Allan Tate. Joseph Wood Krutch recalls that despite his bark and what sometimes seemed an impossible stuffiness, Villard was liberal "in just that respect where the liberalism of the present day is most likely to fail—I mean in his genuine tolerance of opinions different from his own. He permitted us to write things and to accept the writings of others he did not approve."

The literary aspirations of *The Nation* were only secondary to Villard's purposes. He never appreciated the work of Paul Elmer More or Harold deWolf Fuller, the two critics who had edited *The Nation* before he took over. Nor did they think much of him. When the aristocratic More learned of Villard's intention to assume command, he wrote Stuart P. Sherman that it was tragic to see *The Nation* falling into Villard's "dirty" hands. It would "disintegrate into a riot of all isms and a feast for all ists."

More was not so far off the mark, though Villard, of course, would never have put it that way. He wanted the magazine to be far more than an aristocratic commentary on literature, manners and morals, which is just about what it had become after Godkin took over the editorship of the *Post*, leaving *The Nation* to serve as the paper's weekly supplement. Even concerning politics Villard wanted to do more than present analytical commentary on the news. He wanted to shape policy without, of course, catering to the policy makers. He could never understand the more reflective approach of a man like Herbert Croly, for many years his rival as editor of *The New Republic*. Croly, Villard wrote, was "a philosopher extremely remote from the marts of life." Villard's opinion of Older is again very telling: "When the battle was joined the editorializing went on as before under [Older's] direction by the pens of others, while he himself plunged into the fray. For he was never a general to stay safely in his headquarters far behind the lines."

How fitting is the military metaphor! A lifelong pacifist, Villard was the most militant of men—he was often mistaken for Theodore Roosevelt. He once remarked that he would have taken up the military life if he could have reconciled himself to it intellectually. He be-

came an authority on military affairs and made his journal a weapon of war.

One need only look at the record: Villard was one of the founders of the NAACP. He wrote the initial call to membership. The organization began in offices donated by Villard in the *Post* and *Nation* building. The presses of *The Nation* printed its literature. He subsequently had a falling out with W.E.B. DuBois but not, as has been suggested, because he took a Booker T. Washington view of things. DuBois agreed with Villard that there could be only one head of a paper and *The Crisis* was DuBois' paper. Villard was a dominant figure in the NAACP throughout its organizational years and remained active during his life. Walter Lippmann has written that it will be "impossible to approach the equality of opportunity for Negroes without reviving and renewing the progressive movement in American politics. . . ." It is only fair to remind those who see Villard as an ineffective reformer that he as much as any other man pointed to the glaring gap with respect to Negro Progressive reform ideology. He did so when it took a great deal more courage to dedicate oneself openly to the movement.

This same kind of courage prompted Villard, in 1912, to be one of the first men to march in a suffrage parade. He rallied his paper in defense of the conscientious objector during the First World War. He took the stump to fight for Wilson's Fourteen Points in 1918, and again mounted the platform to defeat the "Covenant of Death" in 1919 and 1920. He defied the 100 per cent American vigilantes during the Red scare and was stormed off the platform in Cincinnati for his advocacy of tolerance toward the Russian revolutionary government. He helped organize the Committee of One Hundred on Ireland to expose the atrocities committed by the British in putting down the move for independence. He was one of the first to denounce the threat of fascism in Italy while other responsible Americans were watching Mussolini with awe and admiration. He toured the country in 1933, decrying the rise of Hitler as a menace not only to Germany but to the en-

(Continued on page 683)

The Neurosis of Colonialism

THE WRETCHED OF THE EARTH.

By Frantz Fanon. Preface by Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by Constance Farrington. Grove Press. 255 pp. \$5.

Conor Cruise O'Brien

Frantz Fanon was an exceptionally brave and honest man; he was also exceptional in his love and respect for the oppressed. He demonstrated these qualities by his professional work as a psychiatrist in Blida, Algeria, by throwing in his lot with the F.L.N. and by his writing. As a writer, he is distinguished by his passionate seriousness and his frequent, penetrating insights. He is neither an easy nor a systematic writer; one feels that his writing is wrung from him by his experience. *The Wretched of the Earth* is not so much a tract or essay as a series of intellectual explosions. Experience detonates an idea; hardly has the dust settled before another idea, equally unsettling, goes up. There are almost no transitions; he writes in the implicit belief that history itself provides the element of continuity in his book, as he moves from reflections on violence in the anti-colonial struggles to the deceptions of decolonization, from that to national consciousness and culture, and finally to the mental hospital in Blida: "The truth is that colonialism in its essence, was already beginning to show itself as a great recruiter for the psychiatric hospitals."

Yet Fanon's book has an unchanging central figure: that of "the colonized": *le colonisé*. (The present translator, in an understandable anxiety to avoid a clumsy word in English has rendered *le colonisé* as "the native," but Fanon did not write *indigène*; the native is not the same as the colonized, because the native was there before the colony.)

Who is *le colonisé*? He is any man who has been brought up in one of the poor regions of the world, under the domination, covert or overt, of people from the rich regions. Most of *les*

colonisés are non-white—like Frantz Fanon himself, who was a Negro from Martinique—and *les colonisés* form the majority of the population of the globe. The colonized is a product of the colonial system: "The settler (*colon*) and the colonized are old acquaintances. As a matter of fact the settler is right when he makes the claim that he knows 'them.' It is the settler who *made* and *continues* to *make* the colonized." (Fanon's italics.)

This idea—which is true in certain regions, times and situations—became almost an obsession with Fanon. There are times when he writes as if the colonial experience brought into being an entirely new kind of being, all of whose characteristics derive from colonialism. Even tribal warfare is a product of colonialism: "Collective self-destruction in tribal warfare is one of the means by which the muscular tension of the colonized releases itself." There is an element of truth in this: under colonialism and especially under settler rule—Fanon never adequately distinguishes between these two phenomena—the black man, say, will often want to hit a white man, but finds it much safer to hit another black man, and derives some relief from doing so. Nor is it necessarily a question of blacks and whites: witness the shillelagh fights of 18th-century Ireland, which gave the word *donnybrook* to the English language for "a scene of uproar, disorder and free fighting" (O.E.D.). This was before the Irish got down to the more notable achievement of adding the word *boycott* to the English language. It is a reasonable hypothesis that *donnybrook* was in part a *spontaneous* response to settler rule, just as *boycott* was the beginning of successful *organized* response to the same rule. But this is not the whole truth; for the Irish and the Africans were fighting each other before the foreigners came.

Violence is not, as Fanon often seems to suggest, a creation of colonialism. On the contrary, colonialism is a form of violence: a form developed by the most tightly organized and most effectively violent human societies. The British and the Ashanti,

the Belgians and the Bayeke, were alike in that they all wanted power and loot, and used force to get them; the British and the Belgians, disposing of more force, got more power and loot, and the Ashanti and Bayeke became *les colonisés* along with their former subjects, the pre-colonial *colonisés*. As far as violence and power are concerned, colonialism introduced no new principles into Africa, merely the more effective application of existing principles.

In this respect, it seems to me that Fanon overrates the originality of colonialism. He is also inclined, I think, to exaggerate its effects and under-rate the degree of continuity which exists between pre-colonial and post-colonial Africa. All African phenomena—even dancing—are to him functions of colonialism: "The relaxation of the colonized is just this muscular orgy, during which the keenest aggression, the most immediate violence, are canalized, transformed, conjured away. . . . These disintegrations of personality, these doublings and dissolutions discharge a basic economic function in the stability of the colonized world." It is curious to find Fanon, of all people, falling into the kind of wild anthropological generalization characteristic of an earlier generation of European observers. In order to establish the correctness of his diagnosis of the dance, it would be necessary to show that orgiastic dancing of the kind described did not exist before the coming of the colonizers—that the Australian Corroboree, for example, sprang into existence only after the First Fleet sailed into Botany Bay in 1788. I wonder whether any anthropologist would subscribe to this thesis. (It is attested, however, that the Australian aborigines did use the Corroboree to express their feelings about the settlers; to that extent Fanon's theory is justified.) It would also be necessary to account for the survival, through the colonial period, of so much dancing of a quite different character from that described—gay and flirtatious dances of the Fanti, grave and ceremonious dances of the Dagomba.

The truth is that *le colonisé* is far less uniform a person than Fanon's French-instilled taste for generalization leads him to suggest. There are people whose colonial experience has been such that they have become cul-

Conor Cruise O'Brien, former Chancellor of the University of Ghana, is the author of *Writers and Politics*, to be published this month by Pantheon, and *To Katanga and Back* (Simon & Schuster).

turally part of the metropolis—though a rather special part. Fanon's own Antillais belong to this group, as do almost all the intellectuals of the French tropical colonies. In extreme cases—like those of the Antillais and the Creoles of Sierra Leone—this has been accompanied for years by a sense of actually being French or British and a nearly complete divorce from pre-colonial culture and traditions. In other cases—as in Africa between the forest belt and the Sahara—large populations continued their traditional way of life, hardly touched by the colonial experience. Others have been more deeply affected, but without at all losing their sense of national identity or feeling the slightest temptation to “be” French or British. Colonial rule was often too brief to penetrate the psyche as thoroughly as Fanon assumes. Thus in Ashanti the present Asantehene, Prempeh II, born in Kumasi when it was the capital of the independent Ashanti kingdom, now keeps state in Kumasi, which is the second city of independent Ghana. And young Ashantis have been brought up to believe that Ashanti was never conquered at all—and behave with the assurance of men who so believe. Yet they too are among *les colonisés*.

The value of *The Wretched of the Earth* does not lie in its often fanciful generalizations but in its relation to direct experience, in the perspective of the Algerian revolution. We are only too liable to look at the poor world through rich-world spectacles, and to be unconscious that there can be other ways of looking at it. Fanon forces his readers to see the Algerian revolution—and by analogy other contemporary revolutions—from the viewpoint of the rebels. This is not the viewpoint of the European liberal, sympathetic to the aims of the revolution, but deploring its excesses and seeking a nonviolent way out. It is not even the viewpoint of a French sympathizer with the revolution like Sartre, whose introduction to this volume is mainly preoccupied with France's guilt. Fanon preaches violence, including violence against civilians, as a legitimate resource of the oppressed.

The French established and maintained their rule in Algeria by violence, including violence against civilians; the conquered have the right to use equivalent violence to end that rule; they will rightly refuse to allow their conquerors to instruct them on what forms of violence are to be con-

sidered legitimate. Fanon here touches a raw nerve in his Western readers. One of the forms of violence frequently practiced by Algerian rebels was the murder and mutilation of settlers, including women and children. Fanon shows that, as regards the women and children, A.L.N. commanders tried to discourage such acts; they did not always succeed; Fanon neither condones, nor explicitly condemns, the murder and mutilation of women and children: many will regard him as implicitly condoning such acts, and if silence is condonation they are right. Before we cry out in horror at this, we might do well to consider what we ourselves implicitly condone or have condoned, by our silence. The peasants who did these things acted in accordance with a certain logic: the logic of war. They believed that the more atrocities could be perpetrated against settler families and the more horrible these atrocities were, the sooner the settlers would begin to leave the country and the sooner the war would be over—bringing safety to the women and children of the peasants. This peasant logic is in all essentials the same as that applied by the very civilized James B. Conant when he ad-

vised that the best target for the first atomic bomb would be a war plant “employing a large number of workers and closely surrounded by workers' houses.” Those who can permit themselves the luxury of being advised by people like James B. Conant have murdered and mutilated, and are continuing to murder and mutilate, in Vietnam and elsewhere, far more children than the Algerian peasants ever did. But we do not call it murder when it is done from the air. And we do not feel so bad about it when the children are not white.

Fanon's position essentially is that all crimes committed by both sides in the Algerian War derive from the basic crime of a rule imposed and maintained by violence, and inaccessible to any appeal save that of violence. On the plane of generalities, I think Fanon is right. Yet personal responsibility, on both sides, inescapably remained, as the astonishing Algerian psychiatric case histories which conclude the book show. A young A.L.N. soldier who killed a settler's wife, becomes obsessed by a double image combining his own mother with the disembowled European woman. A

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June 21, 1965

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French policeman, whose daily work is the torturing of Algerian suspects, takes to torturing his own wife and children, and asks Fanon to cure him of this—that is to say, of torturing his wife and children. “This man was well aware that all his troubles were caused by the sort of work he did in the interrogation rooms, although he tried to throw the whole responsibility for this work on to ‘the situation.’ As he had no intention—it would make no sense—of stopping torturing (he would have had to resign if he did) he asked me straight out to help him to torture Algerian patriots without remorse, without behavioral disturbances, in all serenity.”

Feeling unable to supply such services, Fanon left the French-run mental hospital in 1956 and devoted the brief remainder of his life to the cause of Algerian freedom. He did not live long enough to see an independent Algeria. He did see other independent African states and writes about post-independence problems without illusions. He is skeptical about African unity, one-party states, the cult of the leader. He noted—no later than in 1961—that despite “the sonorous af-

firmations about the unity of the continent,” African unity “was sinking into evanescence.” As for the one-party state, it was “the modern form of bourgeois dictatorship, without mask, make-up or scruples, cynical.” Here again we may note the excessive tendency to generalize; the one-party states are not all alike, or all averse from masks and make-up; bourgeois dictatorships can be assured without a one-party state as every Nigerian knows.

About leaders also he does not fear to generalize, and he hits hard: “Before independence the leader generally incarnated the aspirations of the people; independence, political liberty, national dignity. But after independence, far from incarnating in a concrete way the needs of the people, far from promoting the real dignity of the people . . . the leader will reveal his inner function: that of being the chairman of that great company composed of greedy profiteers which is the national bourgeoisie.”

After independence, as before it, Frantz Fanon remained a champion of the people and a harsh and fearless critic of their rulers.

told him, I wasn’t sure, to which he responded, “Well, you’d better be sure, and quick.”

Apparently, he didn’t appreciate my efforts, because the next thing I knew, the guitar was out of my hands, kicked, and thrown out into the lake. Almost simultaneously, about 15 other rednecks emerged from the trees. . . . So, since I was born for water, home I went. After I was 15 or 25 feet out, he pulled a pistol from beneath his shirt and began firing in my direction. Ten or twelve of the other men began shooting in the direction of the house and the fleeing COFO worker with pistols, rifles and shotguns. . . .

But for the most part, hatred took the form of day-to-day harassment, often from the police. That the rough stuff was not more pervasive is due in part to the skill with which SNCC staff members indoctrinated the students with the survival tactics they had developed over the past five years. SNCC suffers a reputation as a “radical” outfit in the press, but it is responsible in the strictest sense of the word. If even an hour’s orientation on the facts of life in Alabama had been provided for the Selma marchers organized by the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Mrs. Liuzzo might not have been riding with a Negro in the front seat. In Lowndes County, that’s for professionals.

Feeling for a New Reality

LETTERS FROM MISSISSIPPI. Edited by Elizabeth Sutherland. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 234 pp. \$4.95.

Grandin Conover

Only 650 students went South last summer to serve in the war for civil rights, but like the Freedom Brigade, they serve a symbolic function, representing the social and political aspirations of a generation. There the resemblance ends. There could be no greater contrast than between the radical adventurers of the thirties, with their pompous international prescriptions for social justice, and their contemporary equivalents, the shy types who can feel justifiably satisfied if they can force that old Martha Lamb, the Greenwood, Miss., registrar, to register three qualified Negroes a month. What’s odd about the new revolutionaries is that their goals are the basic chapter and verse of the American litany. What’s odder, Martha Lamb is older than Franco. Where’s everybody been? The question occurs to these young men and women, but they are much too courteous to harp on it. Their letters home from the front can be read as dispatches which

tell a great deal about the enemy terrain; but, more interesting, they illustrate the life style and motives of the first college generation in a century which seems to have read the Constitution for any purpose other than a profitable law practice.

They went with few illusions. SNCC and CORE took care of that at the orientation sessions in Ohio. “Dear Mommy and Daddy and Toni: We’ve been told over and over again of brutality and beating and murder. Hank says none of us really believe it inside.” That last illusion died with Andrew Goodman, James Chaney and Michael Schwerner to whom this book is dedicated. “Must write—thoughts are going crazy. Bob Moses just told us now is the time to back out. I am scared shitless. I don’t want to go to Mississippi.”

Expecting the worst, not a few found it:

Dear Family,

. . . a local Negro and myself were sitting along the edge of the lake and playing the guitar. We saw two whites coming towards us down the path from the farmhouse. The younger man came up to me and asked me if I knew Dixie. I

Relations between the volunteers and the staff were not always easy, particularly in the beginning. The SNCC veterans, most of whom were Negro, tended to regard the white students as tourists spending this particular season in hell. But once in Mississippi, the volunteers felt at home only in the Negro communities. “When I walk, I am always looking at cars and people: if Negro, they are my friends; if white, I am frightened and walk faster.” The prose is beautifully informed with the flavor of life in Mississippi:

This one gesture I would pick to show a big piece of Mississippi life; this slow fanning in the heat, the head cocked sideways, eyes half-closed, lazy, feeling the wind on wet skin. . . .

This part of the book is not a negligible record; most whites of any persuasion have never lived next door to Negroes anywhere, much less guested in their homes for months:

This is a very front porch community. People seem to know all the details of their neighbors’ lives but there is very little judgment. This is not a puritanical society. Pity is somehow blended with complete ac-

ceptance of sensuality . . . by sensuality I guess I mean what Baldwin meant—a way of being present in everything they do.

And vice versa:

We are constantly on display when we're at the house; neighbors file in and out to have a look at us. The older ladies like to feel our skin; the kids are fascinated by our hair. . . .

Elizabeth Sutherland, who edited the collection in the most creative sense of the word, skillfully alternates fragments to provide a picture of the whole:

One day has passed in Shaw and the other America is opening itself before my naive, middle-class eyes. The cockroaches draw patterns across the floor and table and make a live patchwork on the bed.

Crueler deprivations than poverty were immediately apparent in that "other country" and weren't camouflaged in the letters home:

When the men from town here are drunk, they come up to the house saying "shit, I'm not scared of anything, hear." By the next day they are crawling again. . . . You should see the faces of the men who are broken.

Yesterday when we were in the rural areas of Lowndes County, we talked about Freedom registration to one woman in a terrible house who said "I can't sign no paper." Lester then asked her "how will the pay for jobs and the homes ever get better unless we get together. Negroes have to do something to get something." She said, "I ain't no Negro, I'm a nigger. The Boss Man, he don't say nothing but nigger girl to me. I'm just a nigger, I can't sign no paper."

This is the side of life the volunteers were prepared for. What they did not expect to find was beauty, a sense of community, or love, but the overwhelming majority of these letters haltingly testify to such enrichment, pathetically grateful.

In a sense these are postcards from young men and women on a holiday, a reprieve from that vast, emotionally depressed area—official, urban America:

My views on ruralfucking America are well known yet here I am living on a farm for the first time in my life and enjoying it. . . .

I have become so close to the family I am staying with—eleven people—that Mrs. H. finally paid me a great compliment. She was introducing me to one of her Negro women friends and said, "This is Nancy, my adopted daughter!" . . .

I may be sex-and-love-starved, as some like to picture me, but at least I have faced the problem of being with people who have not forgotten how to love.

Everybody this week the men of the community hammered and poured cement. At noon, about 7 or 8 women all gather at the center with fried chicken, fish, salad, gallons of Kool-Aid and apple turnovers. . . . It is a thing of beauty to see us all work together.

I have met some of the most amazing, great people.

I found it difficult to be cynical.

People I knew in Mississippi could honestly and unselfconsciously express affection in a way that few people I knew in the North are able to do. They did not have to be "cool" or "one up" or "careful." In Mississippi I have felt more love, more sympathy and warmth, more community than I have known in my life. . . .

My mind is getting all on edge over leaving. . . .

And perhaps love will come of all this. I'm not ashamed to use the word right now. . . . Tell everyone I'm well and that if they want me to go back to Harvard in the approved style, they simply do not understand.

This is the predominate style of the "new radicals"—modest, self-questioning to the point of self-effacement, apologetic in the face of feeling as if they hadn't earned the right.

But all are determined to get the job done. Racial equality, taken for granted, is rarely mentioned, though there are many passages which detail nuances of racial relations which will not disappear in this century:

Women still call me Mr. Geoff, and old men offer their chairs. That doesn't disappear when they start to talk about their fear. And neither does your secret belief—which the old men and women encourage—that you are, after all, superior . . . you're still college educated, still play acting and still white. . . .

Though the correspondents are preoccupied with the practical task of translating the democratic abstractions into some small measure of social reality in Mississippi, the larger, haunting questions surface from time to time:

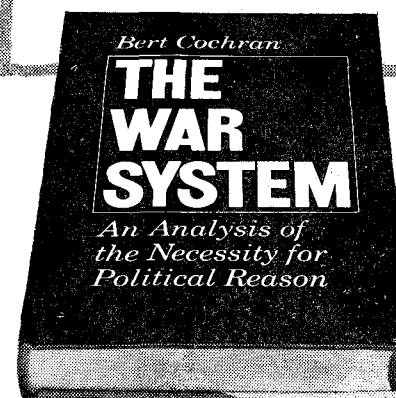
I sometimes fear that I am not helping to integrate some beautiful people into modern white society with all of its depersonalization. . . . It is somewhat annoying to see a grubby little Negro cafe with a four foot by six foot tall full color picture of a young handsome Negro

in a white dinner jacket next to his beautiful young Negro wife in a \$200 cocktail dress in the backyard of their \$40,000 brick home standing in front of a massive barbecue with prime ribs of beef and tender young duckling in a beautiful glistening copperware serving Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer. A typical American Negro couple on a typical Sunday afternoon. Let's all escape and be like the white man. . . .

Acutely sensitive to presumption, the students feel uneasy questioning the emblems of a life they themselves can take for granted, but words like "integration" or even "civil rights" are used, in fact, with suspicious infrequency. The emphasis is on "freedom" and the cry seems to be a plea for the white volunteer as much as for the men and women they come to liberate. Few wish to belabor the irony, but between the lines one senses how desperately the volunteers are aware that their final goal is to incorporate the state of Mississippi into precisely the Union they have fled—that phantom state of coaxial cables, corporate ambitions, taxes, echoes, and things to buy that no one should want. The single dominant impression one receives is that these letters were written by emotionally impoverished people.

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ple who experienced a sense of reality for the first time in their lives. "Whatever small bit we did for Mississippi this summer, Mississippi did ten times as much for us," is echoed again and again. By the end of the summer for most of them the "other country" had become "normal America."

Thus there is some diffident talk of "changing the system," a "New Way of Life," but it remains unfocused and vague, and, as it probably should be, subordinated to the more immediate task of giving a significant portion of the population much life at all. If such a thing should really come to pass, the victory might well provide the unexpected

and enriching dimensions these students will dream of all their lives. As Edgar Friedenberg has pointed out, the struggle to grant the American Negro full citizenship is "undoubtedly our society's last chance to transfuse into itself a stream of people whose moral vision has been—relatively, at least—preserved and sharpened by exclusion from opportunities for self-betrayal as well as self-achievement." That's fancy and discreet. These letters are a much more persuasive witness. If the real America should ever stand up, these young men and women will be the first on their feet; supporting them, as their letters testify, will be the citizens of that other country who have done our work for so long.

blematic of the bad as well as the good in American society. Hart Crane's "harp and altar" is also—like a million other bridges, tunnels, railroads, highways, subways—part of a technologically based, profit-oriented social system that has turned Jefferson's America into God's own junkyard.

The dilemma is familiar. Trachtenberg is the disciple of Henry Nash Smith and Leo Marx. *Virgin Land* and *The Machine in the Garden* provide the method and even the terms of *Brooklyn Bridge*. Like Marx, Trachtenberg begins, figuratively, with the technological transformation of the "garden" described in Smith's great study of the American West as myth and symbol. Like Marx, he is concerned with resolutions to cultural tensions. The difference, in part, is that Marx concentrates on resolutions derived from or related to a literary mode, i.e., the pastoral, while Trachtenberg focuses on the masonry-and-steel construct as a "new symbol of what ought to be."

Insofar as the American Studies movement (in which Smith and Marx are prominent) has a goal, that goal is clearly a unified theory of American civilization. The application of the techniques of literary analysis to historical problems has revealed an extraordinary pervasiveness of patterns of thought and feeling shared by poets and economists, by historians and scientists, by theologians and political theorists.

But what *does* the Brooklyn Bridge mean to the anonymous millions who cross it? No one knows. Sociological studies, like Robert Lane's *Political Ideology*, demonstrate that the common man seems to live in a world very poorly described by even the most sophisticated generalizations about "the American." The real gap in intellectual history is not between writers and scientists—despite a blizzard of confusion from C. P. Snow—but between an elite who live in a highly complex symbolic environment and the mass of men who live in—what?

Trachtenberg's book is a first-class achievement in a fine tradition, but it is also an indication that we who work in American Studies have quite a few bridges yet to build.

Allen Guttman is the author of *The Wound in the Heart: America and the Spanish Civil War* (The Free Press), and has written many essays on American literature and politics.

'A Symbol of What Ought To Be'

BROOKLYN BRIDGE: Fact and Symbol. By Alan Trachtenberg. Oxford University Press. 182 pp. \$5.75.

Allen Guttman

Hart Crane's poem, "The Bridge," is perhaps the most magnificent homage to the "stepped Cognizance" that spans the East River. Alan Trachtenberg's concise and attractive book suggests persuasively, through a wealth of indications, that the bridge itself is a poem greater than the poet's. The bridge's designer, John Augustus Roebling, was a Berlin-trained Hegelian philosopher, as well as an engineer. In America he became a transcendentalist who substituted the "Great Universal Mind" for Emerson's Over-Soul. For Roebling, the bridge was mathematics materialized, visible proof of the correspondence, which Emerson had only asserted, between nature and spirit. "Above all," writes Trachtenberg, "Brooklyn Bridge was in its creator's mind a principle of order."

At the opening ceremonies, May 24, 1883, New York's Mayor Abram S. Hewitt called the bridge "the sum

and epitome of human knowledge." Others at the dedication—prototypical Eisenhowers—praised the lofty construct as a symbol of peace, prosperity and progress, as a tribute to commerce, science and the courage of the men who had died in its construction. Shopwindows carried placards: "Babylon had her hanging gardens, Egypt her pyramid, Athens her Acropolis, Rome her Athenaeum; so Brooklyn has her bridge." One week later, when the roadway was opened to pedestrians, someone cried out, "The bridge is falling!" Twelve people died in the panic. "The baptism of rhetoric was followed by a baptism of blood." No wonder the bridge became, for writers like Henry Adams and Henry James, for painters like Joseph Stella and John Marin, an inexhaustible, ambiguous symbol of American life.

Trachtenberg traces the bridge's fascinating history from the "chimerical" visions of early dreamers to the final triumph of realized fact; he sketches, masterfully, the patterns of literary and artistic response (the latter illustrated by a fine set of photographs). Most important, he soars far above the monographic level, linking the specifics of his subject to the broad concerns of American culture. For him, as for Roebling, the bridge is a promise, the symbol of an unforced conjugation of utility and beauty, science and art, fact and value. The bridge represents the possibility of a union of nature and civilization, of the "two kingdoms of force" Henry Adams imaged in *Virgin* and *Dynamo*. But the possibility is always in jeopardy, the bridge em-

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Facts of Life on the African Plain

WARRIOR HERDSMEN. By Elizabeth Marshall Thomas. Alfred A. Knopf. 254 pp. \$5.95.

James Wellard

The further the Western world advances into the age of automation, the more many observers look back nostalgically to the world of pastoral peoples, like the African tribe of warrior herdsmen, called the Dodoth.

The attraction of these primitives is obvious. They appear to have retained a human quality which over-civilized people have long since lost: a simplicity of conduct and outlook which philosophers and poets have often identified with man's pristine innocence.

This "poetic" interpretation permeates Mrs. Thomas' study of the Dodoth, as it did her perceptive and sensitive report on the Bushmen of the Kalahari Desert. As a result, the reader is instantly charmed by her warm humanity on the one hand, and the lyrical quality of her writing on the other. The combination is unusual in an age of hard-boiled reportage.

And yet, those of us who have also seen primitive African life at first hand will probably want to make certain reservations before giving unqualified endorsement to *Warrior Herdsmen* as a trustworthy account of her "subjects."

The first doubt follows the opening chapters of her book in which Mrs. Thomas gives an idyllic account of these simple folk "watching their cattle come home in the evening . . . standing chest-deep among them as in a slow, deep stream." But as we read on, we cannot share the author's affection for her characters; nor can we dismiss the impression that this African Garden of Eden is far more attractive on paper than it is in fact—and far more picturesque to a civilized observer than it is to the observed. And the more one reads of the customs and practices of the Dodoth, the stronger this impression becomes.

Perhaps it will seem ungracious to scold Mrs. Thomas for her deep sympathy for these people who are, of course, caught, or about to be caught,

James Wellard is the author of The Great Sahara, a history of the exploration of the world's greatest desert. He has recently returned from Africa where he was studying a "lost" Libyan tribe called the Dawada, or "worm-eaters."

between two worlds—the very ancient and the very new. But the first duty of the anthropologist is surely to recognize that squalor, ignorance, cruelty, greed, indifference to suffering, and the quasi-enslavement of the weak (women and children) cannot be glossed over by poetic fancy or lyrical prose.

Let us grant that the Dodoth cannot be blamed for being primitives; but let us also admit that primitives are not the survivors of some imaginary state of primeval innocence. To imply this is to take the view that there is something admirable in remaining at a neolithic stage of development.

Mrs. Thomas herself gives the impression that she is subconsciously aware of this, because whereas her book begins with an almost Virgilian description of pastoral scenes and activities, she is unable to sustain the bucolic mood for long. We are introduced, for instance, to a fine old patriarch called Lopore, his four wives, of whom "two loved him, one adored him, and one no longer cared for him," and his attendant household. But before we have gone very far, the facts and incidents which she describes give a quite different impression from the one she intends to give.

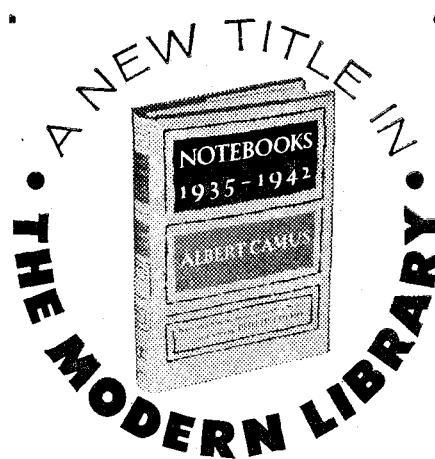
Take a small yet significant example. When one of Lopore's wives, called Adwong, manages to cadge a bottle of soda pop from the Thomases and is about to sit down and enjoy it, up comes this disagreeable old tyrant, takes the gift away, and drinks it himself, "making no attempt to soothe her, knowing that if she was upset or disappointed, she would get over it soon." And, as if to illustrate that this sort of behavior is typical, another wife called Rengen gets exactly the same treatment, also losing her bottle. This greediness may be a fact of life among the Dodoths (as it is among animals), but it is hardly an endearing characteristic.

The Dodoth, in short, have too many distasteful customs to make them the simple, pastoral folk Mrs. Thomas would evidently have us believe. Hooking out little girls' teeth with an awl is nothing more or less than a relic of barbarism; and so is the slitting of babies' gums by an old woman who specialized in this operation.

Moreover, the peace and security of these cattle tribes are constantly threatened by raids and internecine wars in which the killing of children in order to hijack cattle is a regular occurrence. Yet Mrs. Thomas informs us that it is the young boys who are given the responsibility of guarding the cattle in dangerous pastures while the paterfamilias like Lopore stay at home commandeering their wives' refreshments.

The Dodoth and their neighbors also use some unpleasant tricks in their petty wars. The enemies of the cattle warriors, a related tribe called the Turkana, once led an old blind woman to the border of the two countries in the expectation that she would be killed by the Dodoth warriors, thus passing on her infirmity to her assassins. In brief, murder is familiar. And here again, Mrs. Thomas' casual reference to a poor man who was beaten "almost to death" on being caught stealing milk is not calculated to arouse our admiration.

In view of this ambivalence, the final impression of this carefully researched and written book is disappointing, and one has reluctantly to admit that it cannot be compared with the achievement of *The Gentle People*. *Warrior Herdsmen* has too much tedious detail and too many characters and too many wives and brothers and fathers and mothers—and yet all these genealogies and character studies still do not allow us to get "under the skin" of the Dodoth.



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Reweaving the Web

IN A FEW HANDS: Monopoly Power in America. By Estes Kefauver. Edited by Irene Till. Pantheon Books. 239 pp. \$4.95.

Corwin D. Edwards

From 1957 until his death in 1963, the late Sen. Estes Kefauver directed the work of the Senate Judiciary Committee's subcommittee on antitrust and monopoly. During that time the committee's work was focused upon a single problem, the way in which competition is modified when markets are dominated by a few relatively large firms. What the committee found out appeared in more than thirty published volumes of hearings and six published reports. Senator Kefauver intended to digest these materials into a small book, but died before his first draft was completed. This manuscript, completed and edited by Irene Till, a member of his staff, has now been published under the title *In a Few Hands: Monopoly Power in America*.

The heart of the book is a discussion of four industries—drugs, automobiles, steel and bread. For each of the first three, the theme is that the dominant producers avoid price competition, with the result that the industry is characterized by high prices, excessive selling expenses, wasteful elaboration of products, planned obsolescence and excessive idle capacity. For bread baking, the theme is that efficient small bakers are being throttled by large chain bakers through discriminatory price competition and promotion.

The study of drugs, which is developed in greatest detail, summarizes the hearings that led to legislation in 1962. The drug field, as seen by Senator Kefauver, is one in which manufacturers cultivate doctors by intensive advertising and personal salesmanship, while the patient who does the buying is guided by his doctor's prescription or recommendation. More than half of the dollar sales made under prescription are for patented drugs; and drug companies minimize competition on unpatented products by persuading doctors to prescribe drugs by brand name rather than generic name. Under the protection of patents, patent owners are

charging the high prices that a consumer will pay for effective relief. Under the protection of brand names, the owner of the brand sometimes charges ten times as much as a small rival gets for the same generic product, even when the tablets made by the small firm consist of powder supplied by the large one. In such a wonderland of prices, large companies vie with one another to develop new products, sometimes by significant research and innovation, sometimes by unimportant differentiation from essentially similar drugs. In the process the large companies spend roughly 6 per cent of their income from sales upon research, and use the research expenditures to justify their prices. However, they spend four times as much upon advertising, one-fourth of their entire revenue from sales. To push their products they have sometimes succumbed to the temptation to exaggerate therapeutic claims and to minimize or even withhold disclosure of undesirable side effects. Protection of the public against such practices diminished during the 1950s when the American Medical Association abandoned its requirements that advertisements to doctors in its journal must be for products accepted by the association's Council on Drugs and, except in the case of the company that developed the drug, must use generic names rather than brand names.

Only part of the corrective legislation desired by Senator Kefauver was enacted in 1962. The Food and Drug Administration was given enlarged powers to inspect manufacturing plants and their records, to get information about the side effects of drugs and to require proof that new drugs are efficacious. The Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare was authorized to review the generic names of drugs, and to prescribe generic names if necessary. Drug advertising was required to include generic names and disclose undesirable side effects. The protection of quality was undoubtedly enhanced. Users of drugs obtained at least a theoretical opportunity to reject branded products that were more expensive than their unbranded equivalents. But in disapproving Senator Kefauver's proposal that, as in Germany and Switzerland, patent protection be denied to drug products, the Congress left intact a principal means by which drug prices are kept high.

The result of concentration in the automobile industry, as Senator Kefauver points out, is waste. Avoiding price competition, automobile companies, led by General Motors, make annual changes in style, largely consisting of functionless fancification. They thus incur costs that may run as high as 25 per cent of the selling price. The buyer incurs further costs through early obsolescence of his car, excessive horsepower and excessive gasoline consumption. In steel, similar avoidance of price competition results in prices high enough to enable United States Steel to break even if it operates at about 33 per cent of its capacity. In the bread industry small bakeries are as efficient as large ones, but cannot effectively resist the chains when the latter, supported by their revenues in markets they already dominate, compete by local price cutting, offering discriminatory discounts to large buyers, offering free bread, supplying store fixtures to distributors, and loading distributors' shelves with excessive stocks of bread that can be returned to the baker if not sold.

These case studies are followed by a chapter contending, on the basis of studies other than those of the antitrust subcommittee, that business concentration damages the service industries, the balance of income, the housing amenities and the civic welfare of the communities in which it exists. A concluding chapter on public policy is not incisively worked out, presumably because of the Senator's death. It opposes inaction; sees little promise of remedy in admonition or government regulation; stresses the need for more publicity; favors a policy of maintaining competition, and emphasizes the point that business concentration has been fostered by government through tariffs, taxes, inept policies toward conservation, favoritism for big firms in governmental purchases, and grants for research and badly devised patent laws.

This book, like Senator Kefauver's record in the antitrust subcommittee, must be appraised in a political context. He wrote as a man of action, member of a legislative body designed for action, in an effort to generate a willingness to act. This purpose required selection and simplification of materials, in an effort to make patterns of conduct and the problems they create intelligible to the non-specialist. As in all such work, the result, objectively examined, is no more than partial truth. It can be effectively criticized for lack of scholarly dis-

Corwin D. Edwards, formerly a director of the Federal Trade Commission's Bureau of Economics, teaches at the University of Oregon.

crimination—for example, for use of the term monopoly as a political term to cover all cases in which the power derived from business concentration is great enough to permit sellers to substitute non-price competition for price competition. Doubtless it will be so criticized, particularly by opponents of Senator Kefauver's policy, whose arguments are at least equally devoid of exactitude. Complete accuracy means complexity; complexity means public confusion; and confusion means inaction. In practice, any scrupulous public official encounters constantly the difficulty of reconciling honesty with intelligibility. Senator Kefauver managed such a reconciliation ably and responsibly.

THEATRE

BETTI

Despite a reputation in Italy that spires above that of Pirandello, Ugo Betti has been mostly ignored by the American theatre. When we have seen his work, it had the appearance of dry and heavy pedagogy. One thinks particularly of the seemingly pseudo-literary, boringly earnest and interminably windy 1963 production of *Corruption at the Palace of Justice* at the Cherry Lane. The more recent production of *The Queen and the Rebels* at Theatre Four was given an expressionist interpretation; thus humanized, it became acceptable to us as something on the order of good melodramatic Miller or Odets.

Betti was not a theatrical theorist like Brecht, but he did state clearly his view of the actor's role, describing his players as "pawns in the author's chess game." He specifically warned against temptations toward bathos and sentimentality, and his apprehensions proved valid. It has been his unfortunate history that typical American acting exaggerates his weaknesses and envelops his virtues.

To keep Betti's drama intact, the cultural climate from which he evolved needs to be understood. The Greeks invented drama, but the Italians perfected comedy. It has become an innate Italian predilection to turn the most tragic happening into a game of derisive rumination, culminating in an irrational but perennial faith in the morrow. If there is

one qualitative difference between American and continental European play writing in our time, it is that while our dramatists are still crying over their fall, the Europeans have, however bitterly, risen and begun again to use their splintered crutches. Ugo Betti himself wrote that "every writer represents a path, which begins at the I, and leans toward the world." European dramatists relate the family to the world; Americans are still trying to relate the individual to the family. (It is no historical accident that introspective method acting should have become so American a theatrical stance, for we, of all the current cultures, are most sorry for ourselves.)

It remained for a British director, Eric Salmon, to unveil Betti for Americans. Mr. Salmon's interpretation of *Troubled Waters* (the Italian title would be translated as *The Brother Who Protects and Loves*) at the Gate Theatre shows us a Betti who is, of all things, Chekhovian. Seen through the eyes of European cynicism, and with the heavy hand of American method lightened, the perverse and derisive irony of the conflicts Betti portrays become intensely human, recognizable as our very own, and playfully and even liltily engaging. The complex theology of the story and of the intellectual interactions is made secondary to the play's sense of mystery and its poetic, bittersweet aura of life.

Like the other recently produced Betti plays, *Troubled Waters* is concerned with the psychology of the winning and the losing power seekers: their actions and emotions, their recantations and degeneration, their catharsis, and the struggle of a few of their number for moral enlightenment and transcendence. An initial Kafkaan atmosphere of obsession and mystery underlies an action that explores, octopuslike, the effects of man's recently enhanced libidinous self-knowledge.

Troubled Waters begins just after the bureaucrat Gabriele (played to near perfection by Harris Yulin) has defeated his compatriot Giacomo in a struggle for political power. Alda, sister of the deposed politician, "saves" her brother from exile by reassuming an earlier prostitute role, this time with her brother's conquerer. The balance of the play exposes the multitudinous aspects of a three-power struggle: that of an al-

most incestuous brother-sister relationship which competes with the sister's penchant for whoredom; that of the victor for his nihilistic animal freedom; and that of the brother not only to retain and maintain his earthly power and love relationships but to pierce through to a moral understanding of the dilemmas of the drama's major characters.

Brecht and Betti were alike in addressing themselves to the incongruity between mankind's desire for order, harmony, justice, the god-like and moral identity; and his animalistic, chance, iniquitous existence. But while Brecht was depreciating the possibility of human moral choice, Betti was celebrating its newest, albeit provisional, rebirth. And while Brecht and Shaw avoided contemplating the inner man, and provided "answers" through simplistic and topical social preachments, Betti had the courage and resolution to cope with the core of human fallibility and guilt, and to reaffirm the resurrective aspects of the human spirit and of human faith.

The Betti shown us at the Gate is in the mainstream of the world's dramatists, and for this revelation we owe its producers and director great thanks. (The production was presented as part of Memphis State University's dramatic program and constitutes a notable contribution by a regional institution to the New York theatre.)

R. J. SCHROEDER

R. J. Schroeder is a free-lance writer on business management whose avocation is the theatre.

ARDEN

John Arden, roughly the contemporary and easily the peer of Harold Pinter and Arnold Wesker, is almost unknown in America. The block to his arrival here may have been that his early masterpiece, *Sergeant Musgrave's Dance*, is a great dirgelike morality play, involving a large cast and elaborate sets, costumes and stage effects. It needs, thus, Broadway staging, yet its acrid, terrifying theme is not one to attract producers of happy plays (my private test for the validity of the Lincoln Center repertory under its new management is how soon it schedules *Sergeant Musgrave's Dance*).

But *Live Like Pigs*, as its name implies, can be staged in any alley; it is a boisterous, driving outburst of

human spirit under compression, it plays like a roller coaster—swooping and diving and screaming at the tight corners—and it is a wonder that off-Broadway has not seized upon it long since.

The Theatre Company of Boston, David Wheeler, directing, has brought into New York (Actors' Playhouse) a production worth waiting for. The cast has accent trouble, as usually happens when Americans are asked to play lower-class English: the difficulty is not so much that lines are occasionally lost in phonetic accidents as that the speech sometimes takes on a virtuoso quality that becomes an irrelevant act in itself. But this technical obstacle aside, the company understands the content and atmosphere of *Live Like Pigs* and virtually flings the action at the heads of the stunned and delighted audience. We haven't lived so raucously on the New York stage in many a season.

Arden has said that when he wrote it, he "was more concerned with the 'poetic' than the 'journalistic' structure of the play." It is the secret of his play's vitality and immediacy—he is dealing with people, not problems. Americans need to stretch their imaginations a little to engage the Sawneys, who are the principal people of *Live Like Pigs*; we have no one quite like them in our country. The British Isles had them until quite recently because in the 16th century the landlords fenced their fields and put their peasants out on the roads. They have been there ever since, traveling by caravan, living by their wits, known to the settled folk as tinkers and gypsies. They never called themselves gypsies, and the gypsies (whom they called Romany) they feared and fought.

But the Sawneys can roam no more. England is too built up, too bureaucratic, simply too modern a state to provide leeway for the chaotic, larcenous, un beholden nomads. The Sawneys had come to roost in an abandoned tramcar, from which, as the play opens, they have been ousted by the town council and removed to a semi-detached house in a bleakly respectable lower-class cooperative. They hate what has been done to them; they know nothing of living with neighbors, nothing of the paternalism of a welfare state, nothing of caring for the shelter it has provided them. And since the change is not of their making, they have no intention of learning.

The menage, to give it the only

possible name, consists of Sailor, an old man, and if you believe him—which nobody much does—a killer; his present woman, Rachel, a bawd; his daughter, Rosie, with her two children, and Rachel's wild and handsome son, Col. The half-gypsy Blackmouth, father of Rosie Sawney's children, soon arrives from a jail break, bringing with him the nymphomaniac and half insane Daffodil and Old Croaker, her quite mad mother.

The Jacksons, father, mother and a daughter who clerks in lingerie, live next door and are appalled. Why not? The Sawneys are literally impossible—they are filthy in word and deed, casually disruptive of all amenities and basically dangerous to life and property. They are wild and only half caged.

So the play develops along two lines: the orchestrated violence, passion, threats, blows and drunken affection that is the normal life of the Sawneys, and the outlashing of this chaos on the Jacksons for whom it is not even a conceivable way of life. Mr. Jackson is seduced (and revolted, at least in retrospect, by Sawney sexual deportment), Doreen Jackson has her clothes half ripped off and is half disposed to resent it; and Mrs. Jackson suffers abuse, obscenity, jostling and the loss of her laundry. The Jacksons, of course, win in the end,

for though the Sawneys are more lusty, the Jacksons are more powerful. They have allies, they own something (not much) worth fighting for, and they are not an extinct breed, fighting with its back to the tar pits.

The cast is large and I cannot call the roll. Most of the performances are excellent, both as individual conceptions and in the group interplay, two or three are brilliant, from two I wished for a little more bite than I got on second night. The overall impact matches one's expectations from reading the play, with a proviso. The Sawneys bluster, but they differ in one respect from the town-bred bully boy: they are really lethal. It is hard for an actor to portray a braggart without also suggesting a straw man, and the production did not quite drive home the real violence beneath all the noise.

The measure of Arden as a poet and the reason for the play's stage vigor is that he can genuinely side with both the Sawneys and the Jacksons. He does not quite approve of either; he could not possibly turn his back on the one or the other. What he does regret is the circumstance under which they have been forced to come together. That is the real topic of this beautifully human play.

ROBERT HATCH

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

THE B.B.C. IN NEW YORK

If the significant public value of musical events can be measured as the product of an audience's extent, the intensity and interest with which it comes prepared to listen, and the level of musical education and awareness represented among its members, then the response to the programs of 20th-century music played at Carnegie Hall last month by the B.B.C. Orchestra suggested some enormously interesting hypotheses about the true facts of public musical life. The six closely spaced programs devoted to music composed since 1900 were given at the extreme end of a vastly expanded concert season, by an orchestra of no particular local cachet, featuring no conducting celebrities beyond an *avant-garde* European composer (Pierre Boulez) and the resident director (Antal Dorati), and offering no internationally glamorous soloists or any traditionally popular program materi-

al. These conditions seemed deliberately designed to test every principle of concert-hall self-preservation that is conveniently invoked to justify the timid behavior of our own musical institutions, but the B.B.C. concerts attracted an alert, purposeful and respectably large audience that seemed to fill the hall far more significantly than do those masses of diffident tourists who regularly populate Philharmonic Hall. On these terms, a series such as the B.B.C.'s contains the promise of incomparably greater public "success," both as an individual event and in its permanent effect on musical culture, than do all those indistinguishable Philharmonic rituals where the non-contact between the attendant crowds and the programs offered is almost total.

As far as the B.B.C. concerts themselves were concerned, greatest interest was focused on Boulez's conduct-

ing of the 20th-century "classics" for which he has acquired an elevated reputation in Europe, and on the new works included in the programs, particularly Boulez's *Doubles*, Roberto Gerhard's Concerto for Orchestra, and Aaron Copland's *Music for a Great City*. Considering Boulez's internationalism (he lives in Germany, teaches in Switzerland, and regularly conducts in Holland and England) and his compositional orientation, the unmistakable association of his conducting with the French conservatory tradition was somewhat startling. But all the fastidious attention to balance and to the articulation of detail that characterizes the best French operatic conducting is evident in Boulez's approach, neatly mapped onto the 20th-century literature.

The most interesting of Boulez's performances were of works whose overall continuity is self-evident, but which respond to the clarification of textural and rhythmic detail by a lucid projection of each event's precise significance in creating the total sense; the Three Fragments from Berg's *Wozzeck* (with Heather Harper as soloist) and the Schoenberg Five Pieces for Orchestra, Op. 16, were particularly successful in this regard. But the Webern Six Pieces, Op. 6, and Variations for Orchestra, Op. 31 (a major work whose single previous New York performance was on Jacques Monod's little Town Hall series in 1956) were also accurate and controlled, if less spectacularly clarified. On the other hand, in works whose large-scale succession depends for its articulation on the precise building of a succession of highly concentrated individual events—notably the Stravinsky Symphonies or Wind Instruments and Four Etudes—Boulez was considerably less successful in differentiating essential rhythmic and linear shapes and thus in maintaining a sense of continuous development.

Of the new works, it was difficult to judge Boulez's *Doubles* on the basis of an apparently inadequate performance. What emerged was surprising in its conventionally "busy" texture and unexploratory sonority, despite the evident presence of locally striking ideas of rhythmic and linear combination such as one would expect to follow from the *Marteau sans maître*, the *Mallarmé Improvisations* and the Third Piano Sonata. Compared with the manifest sonorous brilliance of these works, the disap-

pointing drabness of *Doubles* on this occasion throws particular suspicion on the performance, but it also seems possible that the metaphysical ponderousness of some of Boulez's recent writings reflects a general tendency of his thought.

Gerhard's Concerto, played on one of Dorati's concerts, was considerably less problematic in its predictable amalgam of virtuoso orchestral gestures from the current European vocabulary which, however, it asserts much less convincingly and skillfully than do earlier works of the same title by Lutoslawski and Petrassi. Copland's *Music*, originally the score for the movie *Something Wild*, is full of bright sounds and ideas recalling the pre-*Connotations* period, and continually reminds one of his consummate mastery over certain kinds of material—particularly that unique sound which he calls "glassy," and which generates the best moments in *Connotations* as well. But after the rather full development in the first two movements, the succession of passages becomes a little too obvious-

ly a series of fragmentary "cues" to project a really unitary composition on the level of the Piano Variations or *Connotations*.

It was a particularly happy idea to use regular B.B.C. soloists rather than more prestigious ringers to provide a cohesive and adequately rehearsed image of the B.B.C.'s musical life. John Ogdon's extraordinary piano playing is already well known here; the Tippett and Bartok concertos on these concerts exploited his capacity to articulate evenly limitless quantities of notes, although they do not impose any equivalent musical demands.

The cello playing of young Jacqueline DuPré in the Elgar Cello Concerto was a genuine discovery for its virtuosity over a broad sonorous and technical range that resembles Zara Nelsova's. But again, the work was an unfortunate choice, especially since it represented a remarkably inventive and perceptive compositional mind—perhaps the best England has ever produced—by a singularly diffuse and idealess bit of professional routine.

VILLARD

(Continued from page 673)

ture world. There was hardly a cause to which Villard did not devote his person as well as his press.

Shortly after Villard took over *The Nation* he established an international supplement which published the full texts of diplomatic papers and international documents. Radicals and conservatives alike recall that his publication of these texts provided indispensable source material. Eventually the cost of the supplement became prohibitive, but throughout the twenties *The Nation* remained an invaluable source for international news.

Despite all of his crusading idealism and innocent enthusiasm, Villard was a professional newspaper man who, after twenty years as an editor and the owner of the *Post*, found himself the editor and owner of a weekly journal of opinion. He always thought of himself as a "working correspondent." His greatest thrill was to be on a story in Washington, London, Berlin, or to go out on the road lecturing and agitating. He was far more suited to the requirements of daily journalism than he ever was to those of a weekly. He invariably referred

to *The Nation* as his newspaper. Long after he had left the *Post* he seemed to prefer the impulsive demands of fast news gathering and snap decisions to the more considered judgments of a weekly.

His primary interest in the daily newspapers is evidenced by two critical books and countless articles in which he deplored their decline in numbers, their loss of independence and integrity. He was appalled by their steady absorption into chains, their kowtowing to advertisers and their pandering to popular prejudice. And yet Villard insisted that an independent journal of critical opinion could and should be a going concern. Again he referred patronizingly to his rival Herbert Croly who, "as a journalist suffered from a lack of newspaper experience and the fact that *The New Republic* was so heavily endowed that it never felt the spur of having to earn its support by financial success in the field." Villard never made any money through *The Nation*. On the contrary, during the fourteen years of his editorship, there were only two in which the magazine broke even. In spite of this, Villard insisted that "a paper that has to be supported loses its effectiveness." Nothing better

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illustrates the two strains in Villard — the grandson of the liberator, William Lloyd Garrison, and the son of the railroad builder and financier, Henry Villard.

Villard achieved a great many of his objectives. Even Mencken, who rarely missed an opportunity to lampoon the liberal journals, respected Villard as a professional journalist. He laughed at "the bunch of do-gooders down there. . . . Joseph Wood Krutch still has baptismal water behind the ears, and Freda Kirchwey thinks it's heroic to overlook adultery." But Mencken readily admitted that Villard was "a good magazine man."

The twenties were Villard's golden years. His services to liberal journalism earned him his reputation. His outspoken pacifism weathered the war years and he was respected and applauded by a generation determined that it would never happen again. The decade from 1925 to 1935 saw his concept of liberalism and pacifism comfortably riding the crest of the wave. Contrary to the opinion of some of his later critics, he did abandon his Manchester liberalism and became an ardent supporter of the New Deal. Considering his patrician background he displayed a remarkable flexibility.

As the threat of another holocaust developed in the thirties, Villard's pacifism grew increasingly untenable. Confused, obstinate, and driven by an obsessive fear, he fell back upon shibboleths of the past that offered no viable approach to the crisis of the present. He had always warned that war and liberalism were incompatible and war proved to be his nemesis. Toward the end he even cast doubt on the sincerity of his pacifism by suggesting that, whereas the European democracies were obliged to resist the Fascist terror, America's obligation went no further than moral condemnation. By the late thirties, after he had ceased to edit *The Nation* but was still contributing a column, he seemed less concerned with keeping war out of the world than with keeping America out of war.

It is unfortunate that those last bitter years are the ones which seem to be remembered most by the present generation. Looking back from the other side of the abyss, Villard appears as a stranger remote from our own time. His life has the

aura of some past happy time when hope was possible. That vision has vanished and today only the innocence of youth or the sentimental nostalgia of age can entertain the hopes that absorbed Villard and his contemporaries.

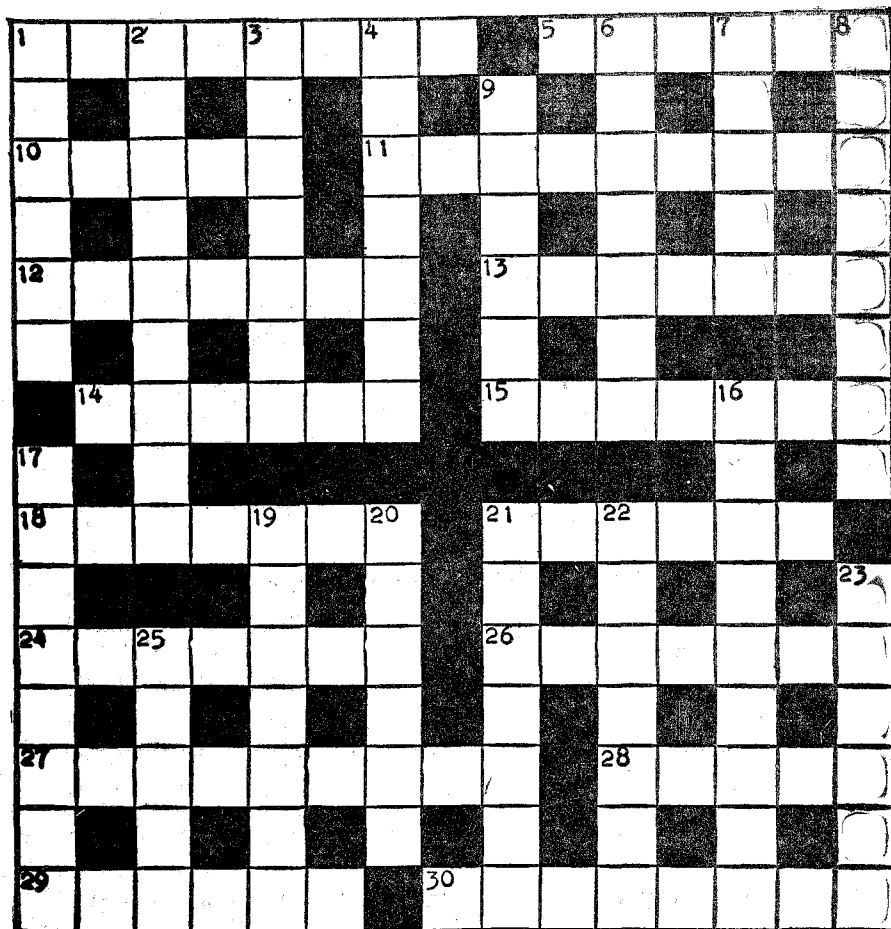
It would be absurd to expect that reform of today could or should return to the style of Villard's time. We have passed the point of no return. One cannot ignore the shortcomings of Villard and the liberalism he represented. Rigid perfectionism is justifiably passé; too facile acceptance of an ideological position can be irresponsible. Respect for maturity over youthful innocence is a prerequisite for effective participation in world politics. Pacifism that becomes passive when tested by fire, and counsels only self-protection, cannot be revived without peril. Self-righteous moralism that fails to recognize that all political action involves a degree of compromise and accommodation is destined to remain powerless and ineffective. These were some of Villard's failures and, despite his genuine achievements, they cannot be ignored.

What are the alternatives? The cliché that the road to hell is paved with good intentions surely does not allow us to conclude that good intentions have no place in our vision. If our politics are bland to the point of fatuousness, or just absurd, surely we can't conclude that there are no fundamental and important issues left to debate.

We can ill afford to depreciate the "old-fashioned" liberal tradition which in Villard's *Nation* maintained a critical perspective and was always sensitive to the shortcomings of society and its institutions. Despite an occasional extravagance and overzealous dedication, it provided the impetus and the inspiration without which all reform withers and dies. Villard's son Henry Hilgard has stated the case as well as anyone. When I wrote to him expressing impatience with his father's inflexibility and refusal to entertain any compromise, he replied: "Just as Churchill argued for a square House of Commons so that people would know when they changed sides, I believe in the importance of those who have unchanging standards so that when we have to compromise we are not allowed to forget that we are compromising."

Crossword Puzzle No. 1111

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 and 5 Doesn't imply the Air Force general never got married, the traitor! (8, 6)
- 10 The space everyone seems headed for, by one route or another. (5)
- 11 A military one might involve flying many a 15. (9)
- 12 Sometimes given in all seriousness.
- 13 What starts in confusion and perhaps ends drawing across. (7)
- 14 and 27 If you got 1 and 5 across right away, you should have been! (3, 2, 1, 4, 5)
- 15 One might be diplomatic, military, religious or eleemosynary. (7)
- 18 Not quite openers, but just a suitable pair of shoes. (7)
- 21 Calls for half-a-dozen poses? (6)
- 24 Brings one into the service in proper channels, no doubt. (7)
- 26 In the main one wouldn't expect to find the police type as a light or heavy one. (7)
- 27 See 14 across
- 28 See 7 down
- 29 A crazy mixed-up desire to live?
- 30 One might find part of the train here and there, perhaps. (8)

DOWN:

- 1 If what he handles for you goes down, you might be! (6)
- 2 Possibly a tennis instructor gets

in good condition to show what one hopes to make through one's 1 down. (3, 6)

- 3 They used to call Africa this. (7)
- 4 One might have to change at Cairo to see this part of the world. (7)
- 6 Things about physical pain caused by stretches. (7)
- 7 and 28 across Bi-lingual agreement by the directors, where a few people still expect an honest answer. (5, 5)
- 8 What our tax forms sometimes say we have been doing to cause the answer, and got in trouble. (8)
- 9 What the lack of a blow used to do to some, with advice for the nervous. (6)
- 16 Would this condition imply there's no way, as a corollary to the adage?
- 17 Would such a dog be likely to be found in bounds? (8)
- 19 Court proceedings in the final stage should be all wrapped up. Talk about what cigarettes leave! (It's a movement for squares!) (6)
- 21 Left empty. (7)
- 22 The trip is not quite taken when you do. (7)
- 23 If this is good, you should have no trouble getting an account of what takes hours for some students. (6)
- 25 Trap doors the medicine man works? (5)

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